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THE TIDE OF OPPOSITION to President Roosevelt's economic liberalism seems to be rising and eating away the substance of his plans for an organized industrial-financial system. The Senate Finance Committee barely put down a revolt against the national-recovery bill in which a motion to cut out the whole section providing for industrial control was defeated by only two votes. The licensing provision—the teeth of the bill—was taken out and then, upon insistence from the White House, restored in modified form. The oil-control amendment, sponsored by Secretary Ickes, was also first eliminated and then rewritten and put back. Meanwhile, many employers have emerged from their temporary mood of acquiescence into one of bristling opposition. Whether the upward trend of prices has already freed them from a sense of impending doom, or whether sober second thought has created the fear that government intervention is after all the worst of the possible evils, it is hard to say. But protests are pouring into Washington from individual industrialists and manufacturers' associations, particularly against the provisions of the new bill granting workers the right to maintain unions and bargain collectively. The National Association of Manufacturers has brought up its big guns and is fighting the labor clauses with all its power. The United States Chamber of Commerce has urged a compromise on the labor clauses, although it opposes the provision prohibiting interference by employers with labor-union activities in their plants. What the Chamber of Commerce wants, of course, is an end to the present restrictions imposed by the anti-trust laws. It will even tolerate a little government supervision of wages and hours in order to gain the obvious benefits of combination and price-fixing. The attacks on the recovery bill, from inside and outside of Congress, constitute an absolute revolt against President Roosevelt's leadership far more significant and fundamental than the veterans' attack on the economy bill. If the President allows his recovery program to be emasculated, his hope of building a planned capitalist system will be extinguished. Economic liberalism will have been shown to be a political illusion—impossible to realize even in the present favorable circumstances.

A FEW OF THE SCANDALS touching the Federal Farm Board have at last been officially exposed. Controller-General McCarl, in response to a Senate resolution adopted more than a year ago, has filed with the Senate a report showing that the Farmers National Grain Corporation, which had been created by the Farm Board, misused funds allotted to it. It bought property without authority, reloaned to farmers at the prevailing commercial rates money it had obtained from the Farm Board at extremely low interest, and pocketed hundreds of thousands of dollars in "profits" arising from deals between it and the Stabilization Corporation, another Farm Board creature, although no grain changed hands in the course of these transactions. There is enough evidence in the McCarl report to bring criminal indictments against the persons responsible. The Farmers National Grain Corporation is not guilty alone, however; the Farm Board must bear its proper share of the responsibility for these scandals. The manner in which this agency turned the cooperative movement over to a gang of professional promoters, and placed at the disposal of these promoters the $500,000,000 revolving fund Congress had appropriated for farm relief, was discussed at length in two articles that appeared in *The Nation* of December 2 and 9, 1931. The McCarl investigation brought to light only a few of the more obvious scandals. The Senate should insist on a more vigorous investigation that would go into every aspect of the Farm Board scandal.

THE EFFORTS of New York light and power consumers to get lower rates furnish one more illustration of how existing utility "regulation" merely perpetuates the companies' extortion. When the New York Public Service Commission—hitherto none too responsive to public needs—proposes, in response to the rising tide of public indignation, temporary emergency cuts in rates, it encounters, needless to say, the violent opposition of the local utility monopolists. The commission knows that the usual valuation procedure

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will merely evoke the inevitable Fabian tactics, with appeals to the courts and years of delay before any action on existing rate schedules is taken. Moreover, the high cost of all this valuation and litigation will be charged to the consumer, for the power-controlled legislature at Albany, at its last session, defeated a measure to charge the expense of rate-fixing to the companies. Although during the rise in prices incident to the World War, State commissions unhesitatingly granted power companies higher rates as emergency measures, the present proposal to lower rates in the interest of the consumer is denounced by Floyd L. Carlisle, head of the Niagara-Hudson, Consolidated Gas, and other Morgan companies. His objections coincide with these revelations: (1) that two of his companies, the New York Edison and the Brooklyn Edison, respectively, paid Matthew S. Sloan, their retiring president, bonuses of $70,000 and $60,000 in the depression year 1932; (2) that his New York companies last year had net earnings of 7.48 per cent for the Brooklyn Edison, 8.48 for the United Electric Light and Gas, 9.81 per cent for the Staten Island, 11.67 per cent for the Queensboro Gas and Electric, and 18.79 per cent for the Bronx Gas and Electric—these percentages, let it be well noted, being based on the always inflated fiction of "fair value"; (3) that Morgan and Company received incidental to their founding of the United Corporation, their great power superholding company, one million option warrants at $1 apiece, entitling the holder to buy a share of common stock of the United at $27.50. The Morgans used their warrants when market prices ranged between $55 and $60 and totaled a profit of about $60,000,000! Daily it becomes clearer that in public ownership of the utilities lies the public's only hope of ending this legalized highbinding.

THE NEW SECURITIES LAW, which was passed by Congress just before the preferred lists of J. P. Morgan and Company were exposed to the public gaze, requires the issuer of any new security to file with the Federal Trade Commission "the price at which it is proposed that the security shall be offered to the public or the method by which such price is computed and any variation therefrom at which any portion of such security is proposed to be offered to any persons or classes of persons, other than the underwriters, naming them or specifying the class." It is as pleasing as it is unusual to note that these new restrictive regulations actually anticipated the public disclosure of abuses existing under the present laws. While the securities bill was being piloted through Congress, considerable complaint came from the financial district that the proposed measure was unworkable and did not take into account certain practical aspects. Events compel the conclusion that the framers of the new law were unusually informed on the practical aspects, and were consciously intent on making unworkable the distribution of securities through secret preferred lists—that polite form of patronage so expertly practiced by the best houses on the Street.

VERMONT IS ONE of the least industrialized States in the East, which we like to think of as a lovely region of green valleys and verdant mountains where life is pleasant and peaceful. But recently, in Barre, there has been a shocking intrusion of violence prompted by Governor Wilson which the local post of the American Legion has described as "the worst demonstration of military inefficiency, incompetence, intimidation, cowardice, terrorism, and brutality that we as former soldiers have ever seen." A strike of quarry workers in Barre was begun some time ago, and although accompanied by no special disturbances and in spite of the fact that the local police head had declared himself able to handle the situation, Governor Wilson ordered State militia to the scene. The Governor, it should be noted, has not denied having financial interests in one of the quarries, which bears the interesting name of the Rock of Ages Corporation. Although picketing is not illegal in Vermont, the militia has restricted the number of pickets to two at a point, and recently made an attack upon an unoffending and good-natured crowd in the public streets, a description of which we take from the American Legion:

> At about 4.30 p. m. an officer of the National Guard came into Main Street opposite the entrance to Granite Street, and facing in a general northerly direction ordered the crowd to disperse; he at once turned toward the southeast and repeated the order to disperse; immediately thereafter and without giving the crowd any time or opportunity to disperse, the officer blew his whistle and a group of about seventy-five soldiers . . . charged the crowd with fixed bayonets, cutting, wounding, and tearing the clothing of men, women, and children indiscriminately. . . . About fifteen people were peacefully standing on the steps of the United States Post Office building. A group of about a dozen guardsmen under the command of an officer suddenly . . . formed a flying wedge, and charged across the street and up the steps of the Post Office driving the people standing there, at the point of their bayonets, through the door. . . . The soldiers then continued north on both sides of Main Street through the heart of the business district, driving men, women, and children who were going about their affairs in a peaceful and orderly manner along the street or into stores at the point of the bayonet.

AFTER DESCRIBING the actions of the militia the Barre post of the American Legion declared: "The military officers responsible for the acts of the National Guard in our city should be court-martialed and dismissed in disgrace; and the civil officers responsible should be impeached." The strong position taken by the American Legion against the actions of the militia is noteworthy. The post was so much moved by the happening that when the Barre *Daily Times* refused to print the Legion's resolution as news, the organization paid to have it inserted as advertising. Of course the resolution was news of the highest value, but the attitude of the local newspaper toward it is typical of journalism in many small communities, and explains why the national news associations, which depend for much of their material on the local press, failed to tell the country of the surprising and unwarranted attack upon peaceable civilians in Barre. Fortunately the American Civil Liberties Union sent the Reverend Charles C. Webber of the faculty of Union Theological Seminary to the scene to make an inquiry. He has concluded that Governor Wilson acted illegally when he ordered the militia to Barre, that the militia acted illegally when it dispersed citizens without reading the riot act, that the Attorney General has acted illegally in restricting the number of pickets at any one entrance to a plant to two persons, and that the sheriff of Washington County has acted illegally in dispersing strikers who have peacefully assembled

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on private property. To us responsibility seems to rest primarily upon Governor Wilson. Unless he can put an entirely different face on his performance from that which appears at present, his conduct would seem to end his usefulness as a public employee.

CONFIDENCE in the educational system of New York is not increased by the spectacle of the president of its City College belaboring students with an umbrella like an irate old beldame charging a group of plaguing boys, nor by the action of the Board of Education in calling policemen to protect it from its own teachers. The City College is busy meting out discipline because a crowd of pacifist students blocked the path of the president—and of course the inevitable "distinguished visitors"—on the way to review a drill by the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Certainly some of the City College students were guilty of rowdyism, but the cure for that scarcely lies in chastisement with a presidential umbrella. The Board of Education was equally unhappy in its strategy. Its fairness in dismissing a teacher had been questioned by a large number of his fellows. He had been dismissed allegedly for incompetence and falsifying his attendance record. As to the truth of the charges we have no knowledge, but the fact that the victim is chairman of the Teachers' Committee to Protect Salaries raises at least some unfortunate suspicions. Many teachers asked for a public trial for the victim—a reasonable request—and when this was refused by the board, began a demonstration. Here again the limits of decorum may have been passed, but surely it was stupid for the board to call policemen with clubs to cope with an outburst of indignant emotion, and still less wise to suspend two of the protesting teachers. To grant the public trial asked for would do more to restore morale among teachers and students than stubbornness and punishment. Policemen's clubs and presidential umbrellas are no longer believed to have much educative value.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a truce terminating hostilities between the Japanese and Chinese in North China would ordinarily be most welcome news. We do, of course, sincerely hope that it means the end of Japanese aggression on the Asiatic mainland. Yet, in view of the events of the last two years, we must be forgiven if we express a doubt. There have been any number of armistices in this "war," all of which have ended with the Japanese plunging ahead, looking for new lands to conquer. South Manchuria, North Manchuria, Jehol, the Lwan River area, and now a large part of North China proper have fallen to their sword. Can we be sure that the aggression of this nation, which has shown no respect for solemn treaty obligations, let alone military armistices, will end with the status quo? The truce itself suggests that it will not, for under the terms of the agreement the Japanese occupy strategic railroad centers and other bases from which they could quickly press forward to the South and West. The Japanese have already succeeded in carving out a huge colonial empire for themselves. They are now beyond question one of the "great" Powers. That the Japanese are bent upon colonial exploitation and are not, as they have so often said, engaged solely in reestablishing law and order in China should be obvious. While they still pay lip service to the principle of the Open Door, it will be noted that they have taken over control of the railways, the banks, and generally the whole economic life of the lands they have conquered. Under such circumstances the Open Door can have no real meaning.

AN ANGLO-JAPANESE commercial war has been going on for the last twelve months or so. The offensive was taken by Japan when it began flooding world markets, but especially such British markets as India, Egypt, and West Africa, with cheap textiles, shoes, novelties, and other goods. There can be no doubt that the Japanese are under great pressure to build up their foreign trade so that they may buy abroad the food that they cannot raise at home for their surplus population. The British are now fighting back. The Indo-Japanese trade agreement has already been abrogated; the London government has withdrawn the West African colonies from the scope of the Anglo-Japanese trade treaty, and the British are seriously considering denunciation of the whole of the latter agreement. They accuse the Japanese of "dumping," and assert that Japan has cheapened its export goods by depreciating the yen and by paying coolie wages to its workers. Samuel Courtauld, head of the British rayon trust, declared that British wages would have to be cut to one-eighth or one-tenth of what they are at present if Great Britain would compete successfully with Japan. A. G. Gardiner, the journalist, predicts that "the strain" which Japan "is putting on her sweated millions will produce an internal convulsion." Spokesmen for all three parties in the House of Commons have demanded that the government take drastic action to meet the Japanese challenge. This commercial war will unquestionably have an adverse effect on Anglo-Japanese political relations and is certain to add to the difficulties of the London economic conference. For this is war, real war. In the words of the Japan *Weekly Chronicle*, a British-edited publication, "it is not quite the same thing nowadays to lose a market as it used to be. Up to the end of the last century there were always untapped markets to develop. Now almost the only way of getting a new market is to take it from somebody else."

RETURNING FROM A TOUR of the beaches over which he rules, the Mayor of Atlantic City has just issued a decree which may be boiled down to this: The ladies (God bless them!) can wear as little as they please; but any man who exhibits a hairy torso in public will soon find out that Atlantic City has jails and that it knows how to use them. Obviously the good mayor means well. He comes out whole-heartedly for the "modern" view that the problem is rather one of aesthetics than of morals, and he grows eloquent in defense of "dimpled knees" and "beautiful backs." We are afraid, however, that he falls into two errors—one hygienic and the other sentimental. In the first place, the ugly male back craves the beneficent influence of ultra-violet rays quite as much as the beautiful female one can. In the second place, the assumption that the female form is always divine does more credit to the goodness of the mayor's heart than to the sharpness of his eyesight. Logic would inevitably carry him to the position of the good King Pausaule in Pierre Louys's romance, who allowed—indeed required—the members of both sexes to exhibit such portions, and such portions only, of their anatomy as had been certified as admirable by judges. For some even the costume of Eve seemed excessive; for others the veil of the Moslem was not too much.

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Let the Banking Inquiry Go On!

POWERFUL forces are seeking to hamstring Mr. Pecora's invaluable work as investigator for the Senate Finance Committee. The situation strikingly parallels that nine years ago when similar pressure was applied to halt the Teapot Dome investigations of Senators Walsh and Wheeler. Then as now newspapers like the New York *Herald Tribune* were inveighing against the "demagoguery" which characterized the inquiry. Then as now the cry was raised against the folly of Congressional investigation, in opposition to the principle so sagely enunciated by Woodrow Wilson that "the informing function of Congress should be preferred even to its legislative function." Then as now an effort was made to curtail the inquiry by withholding funds. Mr. Pecora has to date been greatly handicapped by an insufficient appropriation—the government's retrenchment program serves as a pretext. But obviously the $100,000 needed would result in saving the country many millions; indeed, the uncovering of income-tax avoidance by the wealthy already promises to work financial benefits. We should like to remind Senator Carter Glass, whose marked obstructiveness has done much to hinder the progress of the inquiry, of his ringing utterances on the floor of the Senate six years ago when similar interests were seeking to block Senator Walsh's investigation of the utilities. Then the Senator from Virginia asserted that there was

> much of the same kind of talk when Teapot Dome was investigated, and again when the Department of Justice was under grave suspicion. Then as now one would have supposed that the investigators were the real culprits and the persons supposed to be investigated the innocent victims of partisan malice. . . . Had the Senate then regarded protests of the precise nature of those to which we have listened today, the naval oil reserves would be in the possession of the knaves who purchased them from the scoundrels who sold them; and recreant public officials now in disgrace would be still in high favor exercising the important trust which they shamelessly betrayed.

There is good reason to believe that Mr. Pecora has merely scratched the surface. Far more important revelations lie ahead. Hence the efforts to discredit him, to block his line of inquiry by the skilled maneuvering of John W. Davis, or by starving the inquiry to death. President Roosevelt has already indicated his wise desire to have the investigation proceed. But he must be careful that his purpose be not subtly nullified by interested parties to the proceedings. Let the investigation go on!

What is the real significance of the revelations thus far? Is it that the nineteen partners evaded paying income taxes for 1931 and 1932? Hardly, although the news came as a shock and surprise to virtually all Americans. But careful scrutiny of the sections of the income-tax law dealing with capital gains and losses would have disclosed the possibility of legal evasion. Is it significant that such legislation existed? Significant but not surprising, for obviously high finance has pulled the strings of government for the last twelve years. "The main business of the United States is business," declared President Coolidge—and surely both his predecessor, Harding, and his successor, Hoover, deemed it the function of government to do nothing to hinder profits. Were not profits and prosperity in their view synonymous? Is it surprising that the Morgans made a profit out of the "bankers' pool" formed after the October, 1929, stock-market crash, designed, according to the press at that time, "patriotically" to save the country from disaster? Of course not. Why should anyone be naive enough to believe that they were in business for altruistic or philanthropic purposes, or that the multitude's distress did not provide them a normal financial opportunity?

Indeed, the revelations to date are invaluable not because they have uncovered any violations of the existing financial code, but because the superb legality of it all rivets the public gaze all the more firmly on the character of the system itself. In his prepared statement Mr. Morgan pointed out as among the "uses and services of private bankers" that "the steady supply of capital for industry is an essential of our system." Let us examine this service as revealed by the testimony.

Consider the Alleghany Corporation. It is a holding company designed to "hold" railroad securities, chiefly common stocks, acquired by the Van Sweringen brothers. With the assistance of J. P. Morgan and Company, the Alleghany Corporation was "floated"—by selling to the public $35,000,000 worth of Alleghany 5 per cent "collateral trust convertible bonds," $25,000,000 worth of preferred stock, and 3,500,000 shares of common stock. The bonds and the stocks were sold to the public. J. P. Morgan and Company, apart from its underwriting fees, took the no-par common stock at $20 a share; the Van Sweringens paid considerably less. The offering to the preferred list at the alleged cost price of $20 was of course part of the selling plan, the "as issued" market price being fixed some fifteen points higher. The stock was "run up" by the other usual devices, and Morgan and Company were able to unload at a profit of millions. Just how the millions of dollars which the public paid in any way helped or advanced rail transportation remains to be shown. The roads had long been built and were functioning. No increase in their efficiency, no addition to their equipment, no expansion in their service was secured by this jugglery.

Take Standard Brands—colloquially and correctly referred to as a "banker's stock." Here were a variety of staples which, through the research and ingenuity of others—agriculturists, dieticians, chemists, and so on—to say nothing of the advertising art, had acquired a national reputation. Most of them are household words: a familiar brand of yeast, a widely advertised coffee, a long-used baking powder. Morgan acquired control of these various basic commodities and put them into the new company, loaded with debt in the form of securities which were then sold to the public. Were these food products improved by the procedure? Were more people enabled to consume them? Was the standard of living raised? Certainly not.

Take the United Corporation. This is a great superholding company, which holds other holding companies, which in turn hold operating companies engaged in manufacturing and distributing electric current. The United was incor-

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porated in January, 1929, after J. P. Morgan and Company's acquisition of 350,957 shares of common stock of the Mohawk Hudson Power Corporation; 62,360 shares of second preferred stock of the Mohawk Hudson Power Corporation; 124,740 option warrants of the Mohawk Hudson Power Corporation; 130,556 shares of United Gas Improvement Company common; 59,500 shares of Public Service Corporation of New Jersey common; and much more of the same. What is the social value of these preferred and common stocks, of these option warrants, and of their transfer to the new Morgan-controlled corporation? Was the distribution of these indispensable adjuncts of modern life—light and power—improved by this financial legerdemain? Was electricity brought to more homes and farms? Was its price lowered? On the contrary.

In all these financial transactions the newly created debt is a charge—and a continuing charge—against the public. For these wholly useless bankers' "services," for this parasitic incrustation of burdens on established and going concerns, the consumer and the investor pay. But the consumer is the chief victim. The investor, an integral part of the present profit system, has willy-nilly become a gambler—with the dice loaded against him. He may make a profit; he is as likely to suffer a heavy loss. But he takes those risks and is presumed to know about them. The consumer, however, cannot escape being victimized. That, in short, is the significance of the revelations to date. Morgan and Company, and their fellow private investment bankers, may declare and believe that even in these transactions they render important services. Actually, their services are not only useless, but definitely anti-social and obstructive. They prevent rather than promote the fuller use of the necessities of life. Like the barons of old, who levied an impost on all who passed by, for the privilege of passing, the bank barons levy a toll on every movement of modern life and continue thereby to enjoy their intrenched hilltop positions. An earlier society disposed of the feudal barons. How long shall we tolerate the contemporary form of financial feudalism?

Saving the World by Ballyhoo

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S peace and disarmament appeal to the rulers of all nations and Hitler's "pacifist" speech having been recorded with the trumpet blares due them, the newspapers begin to print longer dispatches on the debates at the Geneva Disarmament Conference, and the country settles down to watch the spectacle of a world about to welcome the millennium. There remain a few disturbing details, however. Before the President's appeal our Navy Department had announced certain cuts in construction expenditures. Subsequently Secretary Swanson rescinded the cuts, and his assistant, H. L. Roosevelt, made a big-navy speech at the Naval War College. Not to be outdone, Japan serves notice, also after the White House appeal, that in 1935 she will insist on an improvement of her short end of the 5-5-3 naval ratio. In like spirit France declares that this is not the time to disarm, and Germany requests the right to build a 25,000-ton battleship to match the French Dunkirque.

Similar disparities between word and deed continue to multiply. The President's call for peace urged an international non-aggression pact whereby nations would "agree that they would send no armed force of whatsoever nature across their frontiers." But when Japan, clearly the aggressor under this definition and condemned as such by the League, sends Mr. Ishii to the White House, the official communique states that the Chief Executive and the Japanese delegate were in "close agreement."

These White House press releases, viewed in retrospect, give the impression of a frivolous approach to complicated and grave issues. Ramsay MacDonald's visit to Mr. Roosevelt, it will be remembered, proceeded in the glowing atmosphere of a veritable love feast, and "Anglo-Saxon unity" was never so loudly heralded. Yet Washington is now in bitter disagreement with London on most of the crucial questions raised by the disarmament conclave and by the World Economic Conference. Indeed, the initiated expect Anglo-American animosities to be the rock on which the London conference will crash. America wants a short, effective meeting. The British want a long-drawn-out affair which will ultimately be transferred to Geneva, "to die," as one man put it, "in the broad lap of the League." The British objected to the Roosevelt tariff truce and agreed to it in emasculated form only after they had signed their treaty with Argentina and entered into other discriminatory bilateral conventions. Captain Eden, the British delegate at Geneva, has stubbornly fought Mr. Roosevelt's, Norman H. Davis's, and the Soviets' definition of an aggressor, even though the President's policy, in the opinion of keen students, offers England what she has desired ever since the war—American renunciation of the principle of the freedom of the seas. Prime Minister MacDonald utters sweet words in Washington, but Neville Chamberlain and the Tories do as they please.

The President and his advisers spent many precious days interviewing MacDonald, Herriot of France, Bennett of Canada, Schacht of Germany, and other celebrities, in order, supposedly, to help the London conference on the way to success. That conference was ballyhooed until it appeared to be the Administration's major stepping-stone toward international economic rehabilitation. But then Raymond Moley broadcast a warning that we were not to expect much from the London gathering.

As a final illustration of the conflict between pronouncements and acts we must speak of the Four-Power Pact. Mussolini proposed it. Ramsay MacDonald, the Tories' flying messenger boy, sped to Rome to make it first-page news. Europe would guarantee the peace. England, Italy, and Germany wanted to amend the Treaty of Versailles in order to pacify the Continent. France objected vehemently. Then there was much maneuvering behind the international scenes. Suddenly Premier Daladier supported the measure. But ex-Premier Herriot, France's trusted spokesman in Washington, continued to attack it. He was outvoted in French inner counsels. The French accepted the Four-Power Pact. A second bit of political hocus-pocus followed. Poland and the

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Little Entente were alarmed by the pact. Revision of treaties could only be at their expense. They fumed and threatened. And, again quite suddenly, their opposition collapsed. "Little Entente Approves Pact," read a headline. What had happened? France had informed the Little Entente that "the first version of the text of the proposed pact has been definitely abandoned." Territorial revision had been made impossible by French reservations. "From the very beginning;" said a dispatch from London, "Premier Ramsay MacDonald has been alone in his advocacy of the Four-Power Pact here, and few tears will be shed over the innocuousness of the final document." The pact, as broached, was not innocuous. Therefore France and her vassals resisted it. Then it was robbed of all meaning. The resisters signed. Yet this scrap of paper will certainly be hailed as a step toward peace.

Governments apparently find it necessary these days to create illusions in the minds of their citizens that something is being done in the interest of disarmament and peace. This suggests a universal mass desire for peace. But it should be the task of real pacifists to sift the wheat from the chaff, to disclose the discrepancies between ballyhooing propaganda and realities, and to continue the struggle for disarmament and peace in fact.

German Realities

GERMANY'S economic position is anything but promising, its foreign trade far from reassuring. Imports fell from 362,000,000 marks in March to 321,000,000 marks in April; exports dropped from 426,000,000 to 382,000,000. The country maintained its favorable export balance by 61,000,000 marks in April as against 64,000,000 in March, but these figures indicate no resuscitation of German economy. Decreased imports mean a decrease in raw materials for industrial purposes, fewer orders, and less work. Germany will be unable to meet its interest obligations on private debts. The shrinkage of its export trade and the steadily decreasing trade balance go hand in hand with a menacing depreciation of its reserves in gold and foreign exchange. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, was forced to admit during his visit in Washington a few weeks ago that the position of Germany in the international money market was extremely precarious. He assured the world of Germany's readiness, in principle, to continue interest payments on private debts, but conceded that this willingness was strongly circumscribed by the existing rate of exchange. During its bank crisis less than two years ago Germany was forced to appeal through President Hoover for a moratorium on its private debts. Today it is pleading for a moratorium on the interest due on these obligations.

The catastrophic fall of Germany's foreign trade is of comparatively recent date. During the first years of the international crisis German exports suffered less than those of the other great industrial nations. The downward course did not set in until July, 1932. In 1931 Germany still had a favorable trade balance of more than 2,700,000,000 marks, in 1932 of 1,000,000,000 marks. Its export surplus sufficed to pay interest amounting to somewhat more than 900,000,000 marks on private loans from foreign countries. In January, 1933, its export surplus had fallen to 23,000,000 marks as compared to 109,000,000 in January of the previous year. In February it was 27,000,000 against 150,000,000 the year before. In March it increased to 64,000,000, but it had been 153,000,000 in March, 1932. In April it was 61,000,000 compared to 141,000,000 in the previous year. If the figures for the first quarter may be taken as a criterion, this year's export surplus will not be sufficient to pay half the interest due on foreign debts. Altogether, German exports have fallen off 53 per cent—in spite of wage reductions of from 40 to 50 per cent—largely because of restrictions placed on German imports by former customers to protect their own industries.

Under Stresemann as Foreign Minister, the Reich based recovery on a program of intense rationalism, hoping by a greatly increased output and a reduction of wages to meet its foreign obligations. In vain economists and trade unionists called attention to the unsoundness of a course that would destroy the buying power of the masses within the nation. The collapse of the internal market followed, and since then every effort toward recovery has dragged the nation's industries and financial institutions deeper into the morass. Under Hitler matters have gone from bad to worse. In an effort to help the agricultural population he levied high tariffs on farm stuffs, thereby raising prices on staple food products to a degree that aroused general dissatisfaction. Since May 20 the price of butter has gone up from one mark to one and one-half marks a pound; meat has gone up 15 per cent and vegetables 10 per cent. The government tried to place the responsibility for these increases on the retail dealers. In Munich alone 220 stores were closed by the police in the week of May 15-22, and placards were placed in their windows announcing that the business had been "Closed for charging usurious prices. Proprietor under arrest." The storekeepers were taken to concentration camps. The high-tariff policy of the Nazi regime was immediately met by reciprocity tariffs by half a dozen other nations. Freight tonnage experienced a sharp decline. It may be taken for granted also that the tourist trade to a Hitlerized Germany, notwithstanding the efforts of the Goebbels propaganda ministry, will be materially reduced.

But for Hjalmar Schacht's last-minute arrangement of a creditors' conference at the end of May, which brought temporary relief to Germany in its financial extremity, the German mark would once more have fallen into the abyss of uncontrolled inflation. According to its own official report, the Reichsbank's reserves in gold and international exchange amounted to 56 per cent of its banknote obligations in 1927; in 1930 these reserves had increased to 64 per cent. In the years that followed this balance dwindled rapidly—to 42 per cent in 1931, 26 per cent in 1932, 28 per cent at the end of last January, 24 per cent in March, 16 per cent on April 15, and 8.3 per cent at the end of May. Included in the 529,000,000 marks in gold and foreign exchange in the Reichsbank vaults on April 15 were foreign credits amounting to 189,000,000 marks, so that the actual coverage of Germany's banknote currency at that time was not quite 10 per cent instead of the 16 per cent officially reported.

This is the real state of Germany's national finances. It proves the futility of the Chancellor's visionary projects for social and economic reconstruction on a gigantic scale. It shows also why Herr Hitler so assiduously emphasizes his peaceful intentions.

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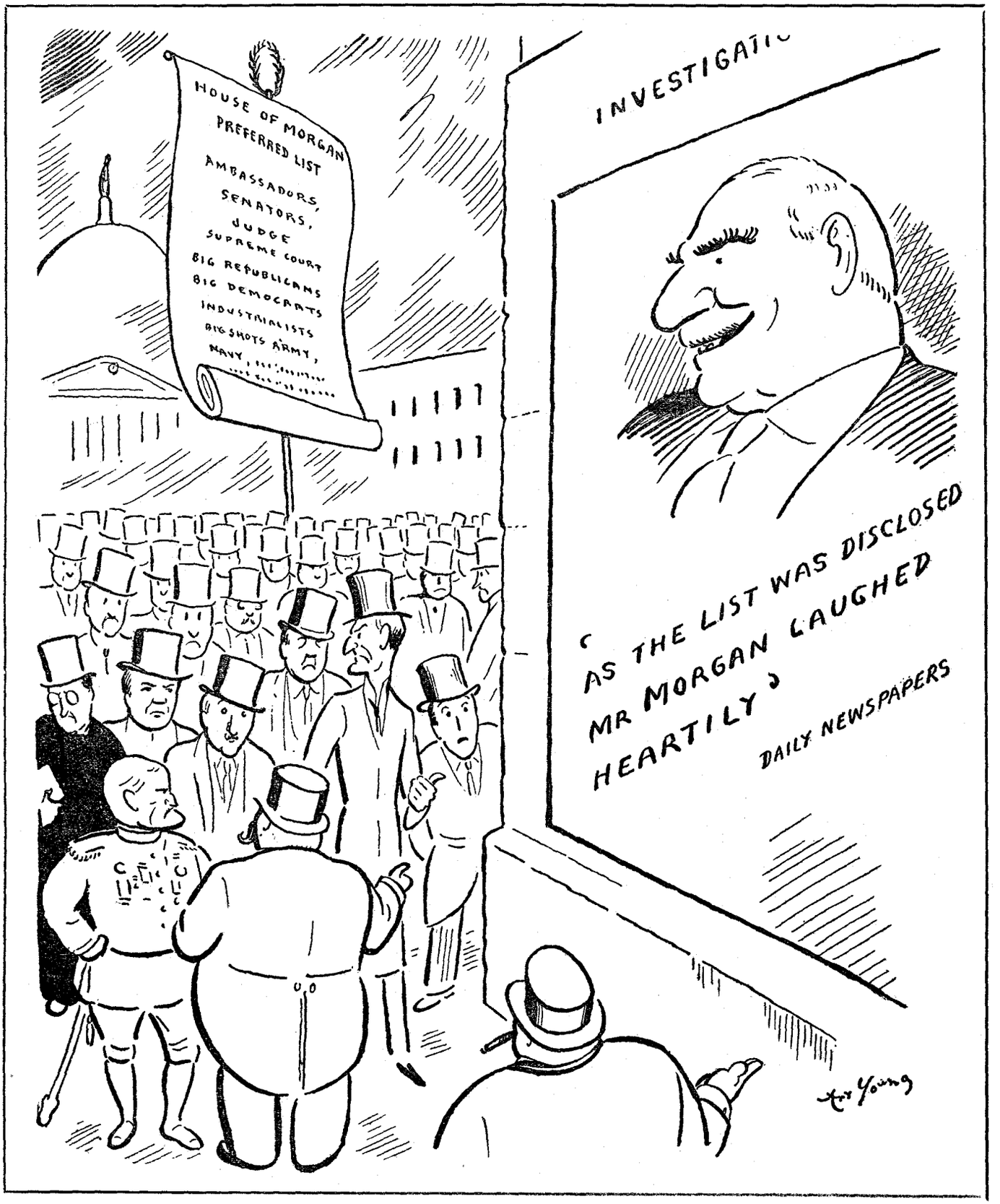

Comical, Isn't It?

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Insurance Supervision: A Myth

By BENEDICT A. LEERBURGER

THE art of making things appear to be what they are not reached a high point on December 9, 1931. It was on this day that the various State superintendents of insurance in convention assembled in New York City adopted a resolution of far-reaching importance. By its terms it allowed insurance companies to value the securities held by them in their portfolios at what later became known as "convention values." This particular piece of legerdemain had its origin in the belief that the value of a stock or bond was not truly reflected by what it was then selling for in the open market. The insurance companies convinced their supervisors that prosperity must be around the corner, and that in a declining market the value of their securities could be better determined (as the resolution, with great pretense of sincerity, set forth) by taking "the average price of stocks and bonds as reflected by the exchanges for a range of five quarterly periods ending September 30, 1931." The Convention Book of Security Values prepared by the Audit Bureau of the New York State Department of Insurance "was sent to each insurance company, society, or association transacting business in the United States owning sufficient stocks and bonds to justify it."*

In other words, an insurance company, in preparing its annual statement for submission to its policy-holders or as a basis for soliciting new business, was permitted to inflate its balance sheet by affixing a value to its securities higher than the price at which those securities could be purchased on the exchanges of the country on the date of its statement. The companies convinced the superintendents that no harm could result from this radical departure from sane bookkeeping methods and that they would incur serious losses if their true condition were known. New business was already hard to get; it would be scared away if their balance sheets showed the great depreciation which their securities had sustained. If market values were thereafter to rise, and if their current liabilities could be met out of current cash receipts, the deception could harm no one. Actually, however, the markets of the world continued to decline, and new business declined almost 30 per cent despite the new accounting methods. To meet current obligations the companies were obliged to sell securities at the market price and not for the "convention value." Whenever such a sale took place, therefore, the loss reflected at the time of sale was of course greater than it would have been had the true value been set up in the first instance under the date of inventory.

The situation was further aggravated by an increasing demand for cash loans and surrender values, and, in the case of fire-insurance companies, by the cancelation of policies and the demand for the unearned premium. This situation necessitated further selling. To prevent the complete destruction of the illusion caused by the inflation of assets, the Superintendent of Insurance prohibited the companies from making loans to their policy-holders and from paying to them their cash-surrender values. As this acute condition occurred during the time when the banks were closed, the reason assigned for such action was that it had been done in order to prevent hoarding. Even though this resulted in the impairment of the contractual rights of the policy-holders by an agency of the State government, what little justification there was for it was sought in the fact that it was so-called "emergency legislation."

Although the convention values might have been good enough for the policy-holders, such a method of keeping accounts did not appeal to those agencies which value the portfolios of insurance companies in recommending their stocks and bonds to banks and investors. They refused to sanction the practice shortly after it was first adopted and revalued the insurance companies' portfolios when recommending their stocks.

It is only fair to state that the companies indorsed on their statements the legend that these were prepared in accordance with the convention values as set by the State Superintendent of Insurance. But the fault lay in the fact that to the layman this meant little. He continued to believe, as it was intended he should, that this step must somehow be for his benefit since it bore the stamp of approval of the State government's agency.

The effect of this strange bookkeeping method is now apparent and the illusion has been completely dissipated. On April 28 last Mr. Justice Frankenthaler, sitting at special term of the New York Supreme Court, had before him the application of the State Superintendent of Insurance of New York to liquidate the Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company. In his written opinion on the application he had this illuminating bit of information to impart: "The investments of the insurer are carried on its balance sheet at the convention values of approximately sixty-one million dollars. However, the market value of such investments aggregated only twenty-one million dollars on March 24."

This is an example of an exaggerated and inflated value of almost three times the true value. The little corner grocer would find himself in jail if, for the purpose of obtaining credit, he falsely overstated the value of his assets to a very much smaller degree. The Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company was the largest underwriter of fire risks in this country, if not in the world. Permitted by law to invest in common stocks, its operations during the Coolidge era were exceedingly profitable. A comprehensive view of its affairs may never be allowed us but an inkling of what happened can be inferred from the known facts. Its largest single investment was in the stock of the Lawyers Title and Guaranty Company. It has in its portfolio 45,006 shares of the stock of this company, with a stated value of $12,342,490.† The entire block can be bought on the open market—at this date and after the rising market—for less than a half-million dollars. What was there about this stock that so charmed the officers of the Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company? The Lawyers Title and Guaranty

*Seventy-third Annual Report of the Superintendent of Insurance of New York, Preliminary Text, page 21.

† Statement furnished as of January 1, 1932, to the State Superintendent of Insurance. No later statement has as yet been published by the Superintendent.

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Company has guaranteed over $200,000,000 of mortgages. Its guaranties were more than twenty times its capital. It had even suspended payments of the principle sums guaranteed by it, and the general debility of real estate in New York City was well known. However, Louis E. Bright was the president of the mortgage company, and he was also on the board of directors of the fire-insurance company. Did this dual membership prove harmful to either company? Was there a conflict of interests? Could the directors of the fire-insurance company sell the stock of the mortgage company without hurting the latter company and their brother director? Did their fellow-director advise or prevail upon them not to sell? Had he advised them to buy in the first place? These questions will probably never be answered, but the mere asking suggests a fault of business management which is sorely in need of correction.

Perhaps some day enough people may discover that State supervision of insurance companies is no supervision at all. And they may decide that it would be socially more advisable to have the State itself engage in writing insurance, even though it assumes the companies' contracts to pay insurance presidents fabulous yearly retainers. Until then those policyholders who are not starving will remain happy in their ignorance. It's fun to be fooled. It's less fun to know.

The Third Act of the Mooney Drama

By MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD

ON September 18, 1926, Matthew Brady, district attorney of San Francisco, wrote to the Governor of California, Friend W. Richardson: "If these matters that have developed during the trials could be called to the attention of a court that had jurisdiction to grant a new trial, undoubtedly a new trial would be granted. Furthermore, if a new trial were granted, there would be no possibility of convicting Mooney or Billings."

On May 24, 1933, the court and the new trial having been secured, William Murphy of the district attorney's staff, acting for and under the orders of Matthew Brady, refused to adduce any of the previous testimony for rebuttal, denied Mooney's plea that he be allowed to exonerate himself before the eyes of the world, and against all argument and persuasion insisted on moving for a directed verdict of not guilty. With perhaps unconscious cynicism he said: "You wanted a new trial, and now you have had it. As soon as the jury is sworn the defendant is in jeopardy. If you brought in witnesses from now to doomsday you could gain nothing more than an acquittal." The real point of the situation—that what Mooney wanted and was entitled to was a full vindication, an airing of the whole malodorous mess of the 1916 frame-up against him, not a mere empty verdict which might mean any one of a hundred things—Murphy, and through him Brady, ignored. Judge Louis H. Ward denied Mooney's appeal that the Judge order Brady into court to give publicly his reasons for his attitude, and said that he had no power to grant Mooney's alternative plea that he appoint a special prosecutor. He stated that if the district attorney's attitude had been a different one, he would have been prepared to admit a limited amount of rebuttal testimony, but now he had no choice under the law. Without leaving the box, the jury selected a foreman who signed the formal verdict. Legally, Thomas J. Mooney now stands acquitted of the murder of Arthur Nelson in the Preparedness Day explosion of July 22, 1916. But, legally, he still stands convicted of the murder of Hetta Knapp in the same explosion, and is serving life imprisonment for the crime.

Back of that climactic moment in Judge Ward's court lies the inextricable tangle of motives, influences, meanings, and passions that make up the Mooney and Billings case. The first act of the play consisted of the explosion itself, the frame-up by Fickert and his gang, the 1916 and 1917 trials of Billings and Mooney, and the resulting sentences. The second act covered the gradual exposure of the frame-up, the progressive impeachment of all prosecution witnesses, the long, weary fight, constantly frustrated but never suppressed, to bring about the release of two innocent men. The successful effort to retry Mooney on another of the 1916 indictments constituted the third act. What the fourth and final act will be remains for the future to reveal.

According to California law—the same sort of iniquitous law that in Massachusetts sent Sacco and Vanzetti to their martyrdom—the discovery of new evidence following conviction is not ground for a new trial; retrial can be ordered only for a flaw in the legal conduct or record of the case. A misplaced comma will secure a man a new trial, but not a lying witness. The Dempster bill, introduced into this year's legislature for the specific purpose of remedying this situation and giving Mooney a retrial on the Knapp indictment, was passed by the assembly but killed by the reactionary Judiciary Committee of the senate. Therefore, even had District Attorney Brady been willing to waive the strict letter of the law and give Mooney a chance for open exoneration, that exoneration could not have freed him from San Quentin, any more than does the formal verdict of acquittal. What it would have done, however, would have been to make clear to the whole world the grotesque falsity of the built-up case against him—a powerful argument for gubernatorial clemency and a mighty talking-point before the United States Supreme Court. Even as it is, Frank P. Walsh and John Finerty expect to use the outcome of this second trial in a plea to the Supreme Court on the basis of the Scottsboro verdict. But if Brady had really meant his long assertion of belief in Mooney's innocence and his desire to obtain Mooney's freedom, he would have given him more than this empty gesture. One is driven to the conclusion that Brady knows Mooney to be guiltless and wants him vindicated, but not at the expense of the slightest abandonment of petty legalism or the least assault on the dignity of the district attorney's office.

The second Mooney trial took place at a time when an unprecedented number of exciting and important events engaged the attention of the American people. The full Morgan revelations broke on the concluding day of the Mooney retrial; Federal Judge Louderback was acquitted of impeach-

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ment charges that same day; Roosevelt had just electrified the world and the nation by his open ending of American isolation. But nowhere in America or the world was there a more dramatic scene than in Judge Ward's shabby courtroom in the old Hall of Justice in San Francisco. Standing with its back to the Italian quarter and Telegraph Hill, its face to Chinatown, adjoining the City Prison where Mooney was kept a prisoner during the trial, the Hall of Justice is the only official building in San Francisco which survived the 1906 earthquake and fire. Across the street from it is Portsmouth Square, with its famous statue "to remember Robert Louis Stevenson." A month ago, when the case was first called on April 26, that square was crowded with demonstrators chanting "Free Tom Mooney," until mounted police cleared them away to neighboring corners. On May 23 there were more police, and no demonstrators; everybody for a square block around the Hall of Justice was kept moving unless he could prove his right to be there. The demonstration in April was Judge Ward's ostensible reason for postponing the trial until May 22. On May 23 he let the cat out of the bag when he said, "I gave you a month's postponement in the hope that you would decide not to proceed."

When the postponement took place, John O'Gara, formerly of the district attorney's staff and a close associate of the 1916 prosecutors, had already threatened to appeal to the State Supreme Court to have the trial stopped. Undoubtedly Judge Ward hoped that O'Gara would be successful in this; in fact, he pleaded with him to get it over with quickly. Instead, O'Gara waited, probably deliberately, until May 19; then, "as a taxpayer and a member of the bar," he asked the Supreme Court to declare the case *res adjudicata*, on the grounds that since Mooney had been convicted of one Preparedness Day murder he stood convicted of all; that the taxpayers of San Francisco County should not be put to the expense of a trial; and, rather humorously, that Mooney must not be placed in double jeopardy. The Supreme Court could not meet until May 22, the day for which the trial was called, and the Judge therefore ordered another day's postponement. Experience has shown how few friends Mooney or Billings has on the California Supreme Court; nevertheless, after a day's deliberation it unanimously refused O'Gara's petition, but solely because he had no right or qualification to present it. This left the field clear, and the case was called for trial on May 23. Five days previously Mooney had been whisked from San Quentin in a private yacht lent for the occasion, to avoid crowds at the ferry, and lodged in the City Prison, where he first awaited trial in 1916. The stage was set and the curtain rose.

To a spectator closely familiar with the Mooney case from its beginning, it seemed as if in that crowded little courtroom (it holds only 130 persons outside the press section) there were two sets of actors—the new figures of the present trial and the ghosts of 1916. There was the judge—cold, dry, a bit protective of his dignity as short men are apt to be, making an effort to be fair but utterly unable to hide his antagonism to Mooney, his extreme dislike of Mooney's attorney, Leo Gallagher, and his distaste for the entire proceeding. There was Murphy—young, florid, heavy set, not liking his job overmuch. There was Gallagher, who was a professor of law in Los Angeles until his communistic activities led to his dismissal—gray-haired, small, and spectacled, but so highly charged with indignation that he fairly crackled. They were the new men. And there were the ghosts—Fickert, Oxman, McDonald, Estelle Smith, the Edeau women, Cowley, and the rest. Among those who had played a part in 1916 was Charles Goff, sitting at Murphy's elbow, practically, in spite of his police uniform, an aid to the prosecution—he has declared openly that Mooney was convicted by perjured evidence and should be freed, and yet has proved himself one of Mooney's most implacable enemies. There were old Mother Mooney and brother John and sister Anna and Rena Mooney, a tragic, harrowed figure, a tear-wasted caricature of the blooming young woman of 1916. There was Frank Walsh, the noble warrior, growing old and heavy, but still a great gentleman and a formidable attorney. And there was Tom Mooney, the most famous prisoner in the world.

Time, that has dealt so many cruel blows to Tom Mooney, has in other ways been very kind to him. I have had occasion to write of him many times in the past, and I have an apology to offer him. I have called him obstinate, cantankerous, surly, self-centered; and he has been all these things. But he is none of them today. Tom Mooney is not only, after sixteen years in San Quentin, a sturdy, youthful, healthy, clear-skinned, and bright-eyed man; he has learned self-control, he has mellowed, he has dignity and poise and patience. Even in the distinguished presence of Frank Walsh he stood out; he was easily the biggest personality in that courtroom.

There was a touch of farce, with the request for an instructed verdict threatening from the beginning, in the protracted and elaborate choosing of a jury. The first day the panel of the department was exhausted. Only one juror was finally accepted from among the first twelve called to the box. In the end there were six men and six women; an interesting jury, nearly all unemployed white-collar workers, and I think much under the usual age. Four of them were certainly under thirty, and only two much above it. There was a reason for this—men and women under thirty were children in 1916; they had been little affected by the Preparedness Day catastrophe or by the wave of anger and vengeance which followed it. Talesman after talesman was excused because of a fixed opinion. There was one woman whose father had been injured in the explosion; there was a policeman's son; there was a friend of Rena Mooney's sister. It would have been almost impossible to find in San Francisco a person of voting age, resident in the city long enough to serve on a jury, and of normal intelligence, who knew nothing of the Mooney case and had never expressed or felt a belief concerning it. Some of the talesmen called to the box had such strong opinions and feelings concerning the case that it was easily possible to discern whether they were for or against Mooney—and the majority were for him.

With the jury selected and sworn, after a brief recess the climactic moment arrived. Gallagher requested the production of the exhibits; his request was peremptorily denied. He read a list of out-of-town witnesses and asked for subpoenas for them; Ward replied sarcastically, "The county is broke. Motion denied." Then Mooney rose to his feet and in a quiet, clear voice stated that he wished to act as his own attorney, with the advice of counsel. Grudgingly Ward agreed, adding the gratuitous remark that "ninety-nine times out of a hundred a man makes a fool of himself by acting in his own behalf."

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It was Murphy's move. He lumbered to his feet and with rather a shamefaced air presented his chief's justification of his attitude. "The evidence in this case is insufficient. There is no evidence on behalf of the people. The defendant is entitled to rest behind a plea of not guilty and the presumption of innocence. The people are in no position after seventeen years to produce evidence to overcome that presumption of innocence. There is nothing for the defendant to rebut. If the defendant is allowed to introduce evidence he will be merely shadow-boxing with himself. The State asks for an instructed verdict of not guilty, and rests."

Mooney was standing in an instant; his calm had not yet left him. He asked that the motion be denied, that Brady be called into court to give his reasons, so that the record would show just what they were. It was not true that the former evidence was no longer available; only Oxman was dead, all the other 1917 witnesses could be produced in court if the county would subpoena them. "My object," he said, "is to prove to the jury that I am not guilty on this charge, and hence on the other charge. If this is not allowed, this trial will be a farce. Before you pass on this motion, the jury has a right to hear the district attorney."

Gallagher jumped up, to be squashed instantly, reminded that he was now acting only in an advisory capacity. "May I not speak even as a friend of the court?" he begged. "You are no friend of the court, Mr. Gallagher," retorted Ward grimly. He refused to call Brady; to do so would be an offense to the able and worthy Mr. Murphy. Mooney read aloud Brady's 1926 letter to Governor Richardson, quoted at the beginning of this article. The plea was again denied. Mooney quoted Judge Ward to Judge Ward, his own statement that there should be a new trial and a reading by stipulation of the old evidence. Then Mooney asked that Ward appoint a special prosecutor—anyone, no matter who, who conscientiously believed him guilty—so that he might have a real hearing and present and rebut all the old testimony. Ward was adamant.

"I believe," he said coldly, "that the world-wide interest in this case would have made it advisable to hold a trial had the prosecution conscientiously believed the defendant guilty; but this is not the case now. I postponed this trial a month hoping you would withdraw the motion for a trial, but you have not done so. The opinion in the East which thinks Mooney innocent demanded that California do something about it. That opinion should have been satisfied by the scathing decision of the State Supreme Court on Billings. If this jury took the same view of the case, Mooney would be reconvicted. I have attempted to settle this case one way or the other; I failed because the Attorney-General would not appoint a special prosecutor. It seems to me that you have either shown very poor judgment or have had very poor advice. It looks as if the defendant really did not want a trial."

The unjustified slur and the amazing non-sequitur following it were too much for Walsh. He demanded and finally received a right to protest what he felt was an insulting reference to his conduct of the case. In a moving speech, his voice shaking with emotion, he reviewed his connection with the Mooney case since the death of Bourke Cockran. He told how he had served without pay, how he had given his time and services and money in a thankless, burdensome task, treating Mooney exactly as if he were his richest client, solely because he was convinced of his innocence. "He hoped to have an opportunity to exonerate himself," Walsh pleaded. "He has said to me that he would rather die in a felon's cell than be considered capable of committing so foul a crime."

Ward cut Walsh short, and then Mooney for the last time hurled himself against the brick wall of the district attorney's stand. For a few minutes he ceased to be an attorney pleading for himself as client, and became a man, begging for justice from another man.

"You say the evidence is insufficient to convict me," he cried. "Four governors, the prison pardon board, and the Supreme Court have held that same evidence sufficient to hold me in San Quentin. If it is sufficient for that, it is sufficient to place before a jury." He turned directly to Murphy and begged him as a matter of decency to withdraw his motion for an instructed verdict. There was a second when Murphy seemed to hesitate. If it had been Matthew Brady himself in that chair, it is possible that he would have reconsidered. But Ward had refused to call Brady into court. Never meeting Mooney's eye, Murphy got himself through his distasteful job.

"The State honestly thinks the evidence unavailable. We tried to be removed from the case and the Attorney-General denied our plea. We had to come here to protect the rights of the people. The defendant has insisted on a trial, and he has had it. The case has come to the point where the only relief that can be granted is by the Governor. All the witnesses connecting Mooney with the explosion are impeached. We cannot prove a case against him and cannot pass on the defendant's moral guilt; that is up to the Governor. We have been as decent as we could be, but we will not violate our honor."

Judge Ward granted the motion for an instructed verdict of not guilty. The foreman signed the verdict. The jury was discharged. Without even a farewell to his family Mooney was handcuffed to a deputy—each day of the trial he was brought into court shackled, and released only when he reached his seat—and taken directly back to San Quentin. The second trial of Thomas J. Mooney for the Preparedness Day murders was over. There was nobody in California with both the power and the desire to waive a few legal technicalities and give this man the day in court for which he has waited for seventeen years.

Brady would not "make himself ridiculous" by prosecuting a case for which there was no valid evidence. Attorney-General Webb would not do anything so irregular as to appoint a special prosecutor. Judge Ward would not overassert his jurisdiction by one slightest ruling. Governor Rolph, asked what he would do if, armed with this legal acquittal, Mooney once more asked for a pardon, replied that he would refer the matter again to his advisers, principally Matt I. Sullivan. (It was Sullivan, his bitterest foe, whom Mooney wanted as special prosecutor.) Everyone directly connected with the case knows and declares Tom Mooney is innocent—and *therefore* he must remain a prisoner!

Except for the possibility, after a long wait, of electing a Governor of California who will end the disgrace and shame of this case, the only hope of wiping this blot from the State's shield, and of giving Tom Mooney the freedom to which by every right of decency and justice he is entitled, lies in the pending appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

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"Where Is the Dynamite?"

An Incident of Life in Cuba under Machado

By LORENZO ALVAREZ

Miami, May 25

I NEVER thought that in my modest life there would occur any events which could interest others, and I did not dream that my humble person might be subjected to martyrdom and physical and moral torture in one of the acts of the great tragedy of blood and disgrace which is now being performed in Cuba, my unhappy country.

I was born in the country and in the country I have always lived. Recently I was working on an estate the owner of which was accused of opposing the tyranny of Machado. This gentleman had gone abroad and I remained in charge. One night there came violently into my house two individuals of very evil aspect who, once they were convinced that I was alone, identified themselves as members of the secret service of the government and told me they had orders to take me as a prisoner to the capital. Without further explanation they pushed me into an automobile which was waiting outside with two other policemen and took me directly to the Castle of Atarés. This castle is a very ancient fortress which now serves as headquarters for a gang of uniformed malefactors, members of the presidential guard, a corps under the command of an army officer called Crespo who has specialized in committing the most horrible assassinations and in applying the most refined tortures to persons accused by the government, in order to make them tell what the authorities think they know. Captain Crespo received me with a smile which I shall never forget. His expression could be compared only to that of a hungry cat at the sight of a plate of fish. He asked me my name and whether it was true that I was in charge of the estate and he requested also other information which I was unable to give him. Two soldiers had already taken off my clothes on the pretext of searching me. After a short pause the captain gave a signal and four more men entered. They led me to a chair in the center of a small court, seated me, and tied my hands and feet securely.

"Where is the dynamite?" asked the captain.

"I don't know what dynamite you are talking about," I answered.

At a signal the four men drew their pistols and pointed them at me. The captain repeated his question and I repeated that I had not the least information regarding any dynamite. The muzzles of the four revolvers leveled at my head did not frighten me very much because I believed that they were only trying to terrify me, but I was sure that something more was going to happen because my captors seemed to be convinced that I possessed the secret of a great conspiracy. Keeping their guns aimed at me, the men came closer and bound me more securely to the chair. The cords were so tightly drawn that I felt the stoppage of the circulation of the blood in my arms and legs.

"Where is the dynamite?" asked the captain with a menacing accent. Making a great effort because the pain hardly permitted me to utter a word, I answered again that I did not know.

"Tighter," he shouted. Then began a new torment. While several men put wooden wedges between the cords which bound me to the chair, two others put a small cord around my head and using a steel rod as a lever, little by little wound it up. I felt as if they were burning my forehead and as if my brain would burst. Everything went black and I lost consciousness.

When I awoke I found myself in one of the subterranean cells of the castle. I had never seen a dirtier hole. It was a closed space with a dirty earth floor and damp, pestilential walls. The grating which served as a door was covered with boards and the only light came charitably in feeble rays through the cracks. I had no notion of the hour or of the time which had passed. I could not move my legs or arms. My disordered thoughts were interrupted when a sergeant and two soldiers entered. They did not speak to me. Upon a wooden box they put a pot of coffee and a piece of bread. Their visit made me realize just where I was and why. It was then that I noticed stains of blood on the canvas which covered the miserable bed where they had laid me. Others before me had been brought to this same cell bleeding from their torture.

About two hours later the door opened again, and the sinister Captain Crespo entered, accompanied by the same individuals who had brought me the coffee. Using phrases intended to be amiable, he advised me that I ought to tell where the dynamite was. He told me that I ought to show no consideration for my friends since it was they who had denounced me and were responsible for my situation. He imagined that because I was a simple country man, I would fall into the trap which he laid for me. He continued speaking in this manner for more than ten minutes. I chose not to answer a single word. It was then that he changed his tone and in a violent manner ordered the application of the "campaign stocks" until dinner time. I had heard of the campaign stocks but I did not know that such a torture had ever been applied to any man in my physical condition. This punishment is applied in several forms. In my case several rifles were passed under the bend of my knees after I had been forced to kneel; then my head was bent down until I kissed the ground, and with a cord, the two ends of which were tied to my wrists, my tormentors forced me down until my elbows and my knees were together in such a way that the rifles, at first two in number, formed an axle. The cord was passed over my shoulders and the salient ends of the rifles, and then pulled tight. The question they asked was invariably the same: "Where is the dynamite?"

I am not quite sure how many insults I used in answering the question, but I do know that my tormentors became angry. The cords were loosened a little and two more guns were put between my legs and my arms and the pulling began anew. Before totally losing consciousness, I heard my bones creak with a dry and penetrating sound.

I have since learned that I stayed fifteen days in the

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Castle of Atarés; at that time, as I have said, I had no notion of the time and could not distinguish between day and night except when someone opened the door of the cell. This did not happen more than once every twenty-four hours to admit a soldier who brought me a pot of coffee with milk, the only nourishment I tried in all the time that I remained in that inferno. On one occasion this soldier told me that a doctor had examined me on the day after my last torture and that I had no broken bones, but that for a long time I should not be able to move easily since all my joints were seriously injured. He told me also that he was sure they would not torment me any more and that they would not kill me. I asked him why he supposed all that, and he replied that those who were left in very bad condition after the torture were killed in order that they might not, as some others had done, go away later and tell all that had been done to them. He told me also that there was an impression that I was innocent of the charges made against me, and that as soon as I was in condition to walk I would be put at liberty. This was the only time that I was able to talk alone with the soldier since he almost always came with others.

During my imprisonment I was disturbed more by the unspeakable humiliation which weighed upon me after I realized what sort of cell I was in than by my physical pain. The drinking water—the only water, since they gave me none with which to wash my hands—was brought in an old tin can, and from this can the cockroaches and the rats drank, too. The only sanitary arrangement was a brass jar which was never emptied in those fifteen days, which seemed like centuries. Then one good day a sergeant, a corporal, and two soldiers came to my cell. They took me to a modest bathroom where they allowed me to take a bath, shave, and put on my clothes. My return to civilized life seemed like a dream, and I repeated many times the old Spanish saying, "Nobody knows what he has until he loses it." When I had finished my toilet I could walk much better without assistance. I was given a cup of black coffee and felt more comforted. Then the men talked with me for the first time.

"Citizen," said the sergeant, "I don't know how you came here or why you were put where you were. I had orders to clean out the pits. I found you in this place and I am putting you outside the military zone in order that you may go where it may suit you better. Near the door of the castle is an automobile for hire. Take it, and the chauffeur, whom you may trust, will drive you wherever you like." I did as he told me. Nobody undertook to draw up any record or write any papers. Under the Machado regime a person is less than a stray animal.

I stayed several days in Havana in the house of some relatives who asked me not to say anything of what had happened in order not to compromise myself. Only a few persons in my confidence came to see me and I learned that I had been lucky. Other prisoners, before being killed, had suffered incredible things—hot irons in their eyes, needles inserted in the spinal cord, nails torn out with hooks, and jawbones dislocated after the slow extraction of all the teeth.

At the first opportunity I embarked for the United States, and here I am asking the same question that was asked of me by the captain of the castle: "Where is the dynamite?" I should like to have a great deal of dynamite and the opportunity to use it in blowing up that mountain that is crushing all human rights in my country.

[*We are able to vouch for the authenticity of the foregoing personal account of one victim of the Machado dictatorship. The name for obvious reasons is fictitious.*—Editors The Nation.]

The Real Tariff Issue

By FRANK WHITSON FETTER

SINCE the Civil War more words have been wasted over the tariff than over any other issue in American politics. Whether bimetallism, imperialism, the League of Nations, prosperity, or prohibition is heralded as the "paramount issue," somehow or other the tariff edges into a prominent place on the political stage before the show is over. Yet it is doubtful whether any other public question in this country is discussed with so little reference to the real economic problem involved. Republican discussion of the tariff is far less intelligent than that given by Alexander Hamilton nearly a century and a half ago; most of what the Democrats have to say does not compare, in its clarity and understanding of fundamental principles, with the attacks made on protection by Southern statesmen of pre-Civil War days.

Alexander Hamilton, frequently spoken of as the father of the American protective system, urged a tariff as a means of subsidizing American industry. Our economic life at the close of the Revolution was almost exclusively agricultural. Because of the greater returns which could be obtained in farming, few found it profitable to go into manufacturing. In Hamilton's famous Report on Manufactures of 1791 he discussed the various ways in which manufacturing might be fostered by the national government. Outstanding among his suggested methods of subsidizing industry was the payment of direct bounties and the erection of tariff barriers against imported goods. It is interesting that Hamilton believed that a bounty had some advantages over a tariff. He recognized, however, that bounty and tariff alike gave an artificial stimulus to the domestic producer—a stimulus to be paid for by the rest of the community. In the case of the tariff, the extra return to the manufacturer came in the form of a higher price paid by the consumer; in the case of the bounty, it came in the form of direct payments made by the government out of funds raised by taxation. In a passage seldom quoted today by those on whom the mantle of Hamilton has fallen, he said:

> There is a degree of prejudice against bounties . . . from a supposition that they serve to enrich particular classes at the expense of the community. . . . As to [this] . . . objection, it equally lies against other modes of encouragement, which are admitted to be eligible. As often as a duty upon a foreign article makes an addition to its price, it causes an extra expense to the community for the benefit of the domestic producer.

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Economists, regardless of their views on the wisdom of tariffs, have rarely questioned the practical identity of tariffs and bounties, as pointed out by Hamilton. Yet today millions of sincere American citizens indorse high protective tariffs and at the same time are shocked at the idea of the government paying bounties out of funds taken from the public by taxation. This paradox of American political thought has its roots deep in our history.

Hamilton's support of tariffs and bounties was part of his general policy of using the power of government to strengthen the manufacturing and moneyed classes of the community. Whatever one may think of Hamilton's philosophy, it must be said that he faced the issue squarely; he recognized that the tariff was a bounty, that it would raise prices, that it would help the manufacturing class, and it was for these reasons that he favored it. The tariff, as thus presented, involved a clean-cut issue of national economic policy. Hamilton's appeal was directed to a class rather than to a section of the country. He wanted everywhere to strengthen the propertied class and associate its interests with those of the national government. Prominent Southerners, like Calhoun, were at first supporters of the protectionist movement. But geographical conditions in the South, together with the institution of slavery, were not favorable for the development of manufacturing. The South quickly lost its enthusiasm for a policy that in practice yielded it no advantage but raised the prices of many things that it bought.

Soon the Southern orators in Congress were denouncing the tariff on the very ground that it was a bounty. Until the Civil War, and for many years thereafter, the Democratic attack on the tariff was built on this premise. We read in the Democratic platform of 1840 that "justice and sound policy forbid the federal government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country." This statement appeared in the next four platforms, up to 1856. The platform of 1876 denounced a tariff which "has impoverished many industries to subsidize a few"; the platform of 1904 assailed protection as "a robbery of the many to enrich the few"; the platform of 1912 attacked the tariff as "a system of taxation which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer."

But while the disciples of Jefferson were preaching the Hamiltonian doctrine that the tariff was a bounty, and were denouncing it for that reason, the heirs of Hamilton had rejected this particular article of faith of their patron. With the rise of Jacksonian Democracy and the "common man," it was no longer possible to advocate class legislation in the frank and open way that Hamilton had advocated it. With the development of the philosophy that government should not interfere with private business, support of the tariff on the ground that it was identical with a bounty ceased to be considered good politics.

The Hamiltonian concept of the tariff as a means of subsidizing particular lines of economic life accordingly was abandoned. In its place arose a new concept of the tariff as a means of benefiting every American. As the new school of protectionists presented the issue to the public, the question was not whether it was sound policy to give bounties to particular American producers, but whether one favored a high standard of living or a low standard of living, whether one was a friend of the American workingman or of the British manufacturer. Those who were opposed to tariffs were artfully pictured by the protectionists as enemies of America. This was undoubtedly clever political strategy, but it did not foster an intelligent discussion of the real problem of the tariff. For political purposes the arguments in favor of the protective tariff were shifted from an economic to an emotional basis.

This extensive network of government subsidies was thus rationalized by its supporters into a policy that not only was consistent with the American system of free competition and no governmental interference with private business, but was an integral part of it. To any objective observer Mr. Hoover's blind faith in tariffs and his impassioned defense of rugged individualism have been as incongruous as would have been his appointment of "Coin" Harvey as his Secretary of the Treasury, or his insistence on the selection of William Z. Foster as his running mate on the Republican ticket. Americans, however, are too close to the whole business to appreciate the irony when great tariff beneficiaries denounce the government for tampering with the "laws of competition" at the same time that they lobby for bigger and better tariffs. But the visitor from Mars would rub his eyes in amazement at the proceeding.

In the years after the Civil War there was some weakening of the traditional Democratic stand on the tariff. The Republicans did their best to play up the idea that the Democrats with their free-trade "heresies" were trying to rock the boat of national stability. As protection became more firmly established, criticisms of it savored of assaults on the existing economic order. The Democrats accordingly tempered their attacks somewhat: they came to lay more stress on the wickedness of Republican tariffs and less on the underlying economic principles. Furthermore, a small minority in the Democratic Party came to be interested in the tariff. In the 1880's a Democratic group in the House led by Randall of Pennsylvania—known to their indignant fellow-Democrats as "Randall and his forty thieves"—blocked attempts to reduce the tariff. In Cleveland's second Administration the "sugar Senators" so emasculated the Wilson tariff that the President in disgust allowed it to become a law without his signature. However, up to and including the Administration of Woodrow Wilson the Democrats as a party held to the view that the protective tariff was wrong because the government should not use its power to subsidize favored groups in the community.

Since the World War there has been a strong shift in Democratic tariff sentiment. More and more the Democrats have come to accept the premises of Republican tariff faith. They have joined the Republicans in repudiating the Hamiltonian doctrine that the tariff is a bounty. They, like the Republicans, have come to regard the tariff much as they regard fire or police protection—a necessary policy to protect all Americans against the common enemy of foreign goods. They have come to take the position, not that they are opposed to the principle of protection, but that they are opposed to the "iniquities" perpetrated by the Republicans in its name.

It was under the Smith-Raskob leadership of 1928 that this new Democratic policy reached its fullest flower. In an effort to show that he was "safe" for business, Mr. Smith pictured himself as a protectionist every bit as good as Mr. Hoover. The tariff, according to the Smith-Raskob gospel, was a beneficent American policy that was in the clutches of

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the wicked Republicans. No longer was the tariff the dragon, and the American people the fair maid to be rescued by the Democratic Saint George; the tariff was the fair maid to be rescued from the Republican dragon.

A few of the abler minds in the Democratic Party, under the leadership of Cordell Hull, realize that the tariff is a bounty, and on that premise have made some telling criticisms of recent American policy. But in general, since the World War, and particularly since 1928, the tariff has been discussed by Republicans and Democrats alike with very little consideration of real issues. The discussion of the tariff in the recent Presidential campaign produced much heat, but threw surprisingly little light on the great question of economic policy involved. The fact that the tariff is a bounty, and that on this basis the merits or evils of protective duties should be determined, was practically ignored by both the major candidates.

By one of those strange turns of politics, just at the time when many Democrats had agreed with the Republicans that the tariff was not a bounty, support for the neglected Hamiltonian concept came from an unexpected quarter. One hardly thinks of Senators Brookhart, La Follette, Borah, and Norris as the doctrinal heirs of Hamilton, yet it was these men and their fellow-spokesmen for Western agriculture who recently revived the Hamiltonian approach to the tariff. They have taken Hamilton's premise that the tariff is a bounty as the basis of their demand for the export debenture. Few persons appreciated the unintended humor and irony when, in the course of the debates on the Hawley-Smoot bill, Senator Brookhart cited in favor of the export debenture Hamilton and his doctrines, and scandalized Republican stalwarts piously protested that bounties were wrong in principle. "If the national government gives a bounty to the Eastern manufacturer in the form of the tariff, why should it not give a bounty to the Western farmer in the form of the export debenture?" So runs the argument of these neo-Hamiltonians from the corn belt. Their logic cannot be challenged, although those who feel that our tariff legislation has resulted in great abuses can hardly regard an extension of these abuses as a solution in the national interest.

There is no compelling reason why we should not have bounties and subsidies. They have played a prominent part in the programs of many governments. The important question in every case is whether the resulting public benefit is worth the price that is paid. We subsidize the youth of America by tax-supported schools, we subsidize our periodicals and newspapers by low postal rates, we subsidize aviation and our merchant marine. Perhaps it is advisable to subsidize our growers of fruits and vegetables, of sugar cane and sugar beets, and our manufacturers of straw hats, silks, and woolen textiles. But if we are to continue to subsidize them we should realize what we are doing, and legislate in the light of full knowledge of the facts. Until, like Alexander Hamilton and the old-time Democrats, we recognize that the tariff is a form of bounty or subsidy, our discussions of the tariff will continue to be futile.

The Social Worker and the Depression

By JUNE PURCELL GUILD

THE United States leads the world in the number and activities of its gangsters, racketeers, and social workers. It has the highest murder rate and owns the most motor cars. It outranks, in natural resources, wealth, and productivity, any other country, not even excepting huge, rapidly developing Russia. Not to be edged out of its firsts, the United States has more unemployed workers than any other nation and easily leads in expenditures for private benevolence and social work. For the present year, the fourth since the great crash, $97,945,148 was raised by 320 community chests throughout the country. It must be admitted, however, that the death bell may already be tolling; very few chest drives for 1933 reached their goals, those mysterious and imaginary lines between defeat and victory in the social-work attack—always coming, never here—on poverty, crime, and disease.

And what are the tens of thousands of American social workers thinking in these days of depression? What are they actually accomplishing? To what extent do they comprehend the basic causes of the increased need for their activities? Are they ready to tell the truth about social conditions as they, and perhaps only they, know them to be? As one who has called herself professional social worker for years on end, I must answer regretfully that most social workers are much too busy to think about the social implications of their task. They are failing utterly to hold back the flood tide of social chaos. Many of them, of course, realize that economic maladjustment lies at the root of the need for most social work, but comparatively few social workers regard it as their concern. Of those who see the futility of much present-day social work and privately admit the paucity of its tangible results, not many are saying, above a whisper, that social work effects no social reforms.

Although men are now to be found more and more often in the better-paid jobs, the typical social worker is a devoted, hard-working, college-trained woman who has dedicated her life to the service of those afflicted in mind, body, or estate. Busy almost constantly day and night, the social worker is valiantly trying to ease the suffering and the despair of a few of the many caught in the utter breakdown of an industrial system. Through trained and sympathetic friendship social workers are unquestionably bringing to hundreds of thousands the courage to live on. And in the annals of the righteous these social workers will have their reward. But millions of persons in need of trained service stand small chance of getting it today, and relief budgets, private and public, are inadequate to meet the demands. The truth is, the depression has swamped social work. Whether it will ever again justify its proud claims of prevention, rehabilitation, and adjustment remains at this writing in doubt. But has social work materially altered its form or its terminology? Not noticeably.

At this moment what are social workers saying concerning economic and political theory or the need for funda-

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mental social changes to eliminate the cycles and seasons of unemployment? With infrequent exception, exactly nothing at all. On the whole, social workers know little and care less about economic or political theory and practice. Their lack of understanding can only be described as abysmal, tragic. Ignorance in very young social workers, of whom there are many, may be forgiven. It is hard, however, to defend the silence—sometimes the deception—of the old-timers. They all know well enough that social work is not meeting the needs of our calamitous social situation. Obviously, social workers alone cannot launch a planned society; but it is ever more difficult to explain why they seldom raise their voices in analyzing and protesting the misery they see every day of their lives. Why do they not frankly confess that all the social-work technique in the world cannot prevent most of the human suffering with which they are concerned?

Wholesale unemployment breeds mass misery, want, discouragement, dissatisfaction, disorder. Whatever we may think of the wisdom or the efficacy of hunger marches, should we not remind ourselves that those who believe their need is desperate have a right to petition the government for a redress of grievances? If anyone doubts it, let him read Article I of the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the United States. Yet some so-called social workers have said: "Do not treat a hunger marcher as an ordinary hungry transient. Let him starve; he may be a Communist."

In a certain city a clothing company regularly pays weekly wages ranging from a dollar or two to five or six dollars. Not long ago I saw a week's pay envelope of $2.73. The wage-earner was a woman who had been on duty there every day full time, waiting for piece work, although not working all the time. Some employees in the factory make less, others a very little more. I know a social worker who once saw a week's pay envelope from the same company containing 84 cents. The social workers of that certain city growl among themselves about starvation wages but they gratefully accept the clothing manufacturer's contribution to local charity funds and supplement regularly the wages he pays. Publicly, social workers who know the facts say nothing; publicly, they do nothing. In every city such conditions are duplicated over and over again. And every social worker in the land knows it.

In a nearby city the employees of another clothing company were recently on strike for higher wages. The strikers did not turn to social workers for aid and comfort. When asked why not, the naive answer given, without a trace of rancor, was: "We did not think social workers would be interested in us." May social workers be forgiven; they were not interested.

In the community-chest campaigns this year the outstanding arguments used to entice unwilling contributors to give more were, first, that private charity must do its utmost before tax funds are provided; and, secondly, that unless private charity carries on, the activities of radicals—those who go to the root of things—and agitators will increase. Not once but many, many times such arguments as these were used by social workers. There was an element of truth in the arguments; the whole truth would have been more constructive, less misleading. Surely social workers realize that private charity even in prosperous days fails to provide adequately for the needs of the underpaid and the irregularly employed. At a time like this the problems arising from unemployment literally engulf private social work, and, indeed, also those political subdivisions attempting to face them squarely. As for agitators, prosperity breeds few agitators. They are only to be feared when social conditions become so uncommonly disagreeable that even the substandard mind knows they could be improved.

Social workers in many cities of the country know that entire families are now expected to exist on relief orders of $2 a week. Social workers among themselves deplore the circumstances, but should a newspaper ask for specific evidence of human suffering they would refuse to give the names and addresses of actual families known to them. Information on cases is confidential. It would be "unethical" to tell a newspaper that the Lee family is slowly starving to death, although the newspaper obviously needs to have facts on which to base demands for better relief standards. If this sounds fantastic, I can only say it happened recently, shall we say in Queensborough? Social workers will not give specific details on the distress and destitution of a few, not even to save many. Most social workers, I may add, fail to use even disguised case stories for social propaganda. The poor themselves, when they are not so persistently protected from publicity by their social workers, are taking a somewhat more practical view of their situation. Nowadays, when relief is inadequate and they are hungry, they turn to stealing, begging, and standing on the public streets in bread lines. In fact, in one city where the professional social workers are too "ethical" to disclose the distress of those receiving charitable relief, the unemployed are participating in demonstrations, petitioning the city administration for more food, and in turn are being arrested by His Honor, the mayor of the city, on charges of vagrancy and disorderly conduct. The so-called ethical conduct of social workers seems to be approaching the stage already reached by that of another and older professional group which, though admitting the inability of millions to buy necessary medical service, insists that the United States must not join other civilized countries in adopting a plan of socialized medicine.

Whatever the future may bring of equitable economic opportunity, the professional social worker need not fear the loss of either job or prestige in happier days. Many human beings will continue to need assistance in making their adjustments to environment, whatever that environment may be. But to encourage the public to believe it is now possible —or even desirable—for social workers to bring any considerable number of people into a harmonious relationship with a social environment which fails to supply even the minimum essentials to millions, is unfair, unsound, unsocial. Social work is really functioning as a stop-gap in the present social crisis. It is fortunate perhaps that it is performing that function none too successfully. But unquestionably social workers are helping to postpone the inevitable reorganization of economic and political institutions.

As a social worker profoundly interested in the problems of afflicted humanity and at the same time in the professional integrity of my group, I believe the time has come for social workers to meet existing issues with a comprehensive program of social reform. Aiding individuals one by one is essential. Organizing community-welfare plans is also well and good. Clearly, however, something more far-reaching is also needed. For those who would call themselves social workers, there is no escaping the social challenge of the times.

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The Nazi Terror in the University

By KENNETH McLEITH

Vienna, May 20

ACTS of Nazi terrorism are not confined to Germany. Nine American students were injured in an attack on Jewish students in the Anatomical Institute of the University of Vienna on Tuesday morning, May 9. Seventeen victims of this attack were so severely beaten that they had to be sent to hospitals afterwards. Because of the autonomy of the University of Vienna the police are forbidden to enter, no matter how serious the disturbance inside may be. Nazi students take advantage of this to make periodic attacks upon Jewish students within the university itself. They run no risk of arrest, and since they are always superior in numbers to their prey, they meet with no retaliatory treatment. For the most part, recognizing the futility of resistance, their victims make little effort at self-defense.

Tuesday's outbreak was peculiarly vicious because then for the first time women were also beaten. The attack centered upon students of Professor J. Tandler, director of the First Anatomical Institute. Dr. Tandler is active in Jewish circles and his classes are attended by many Jewish students. On this particular day, however, which marked the opening of the course for the summer semester, Dr. Tandler was ill and his place was filled by Dozent Schmeidler, who is not a Jew. As is customary in European universities, the opening lecture of a course is always well attended; on this morning approximately three hundred students were present. An eye-witness account of the riot presents the scene vividly:

> We had just left the auditorium of the institute and were filing out through the aula toward the main door. There we noticed that an unusually large number of the Nazis were assembled, many of whom did not appear to be medical students. A narrow passageway had been left clear to the door. As this filled with the departing students, a signal was given and the battle began.
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> With cries of "Jude verrecke" and "Heil Hitler" the Nazis closed in on us from both sides. Instantly all was screaming confusion. Some of the Nazis had clubs; others used only their fists and heavy, hobnailed shoes. Some of us tried to defend ourselves. The others, most of whom were women, fled, terror-stricken, for any sanctuary they could find. The Nazis and their sympathizers outnumbered us nearly two to one.
>
> At one side of the hall was the entrance to the study room. A number of us took refuge there and tried to throw up a barricade of furniture across the doorway, but the Nazis stormed this feeble barrier and broke into the room. Furniture, books, pieces of scientific equipment, anything movable, were used either for offense or defense. At one side of the room were windows opening on to the street, about ten feet above a concrete sidewalk. Women screamed hysterically for help, and as the invaders forced their way into the room, several in their panic jumped to the pavement below.
>
> Presently the police came, but they did nothing. It is true, the officers were not permitted to enter the building, but neither did they make any effort to help the beleaguered students to escape. On the contrary, they responded to the frantic pleas of students who had already escaped to do something to help those who remained inside by beating the supplicants over the head with their night sticks. One man who was particularly insistent was struck by a policeman, and as he turned to run was pursued by four others. They cornered him against the side of a moving street car and struck him over the head until he collapsed in the street.
>
> Meanwhile, inside the institute the fighting continued unabated. The university has its own force of guards, but they proved inadequate to the emergency. Help could not be summoned promptly because the telephone wires had been cut. The Nazis worked with methodical fury. They fought with the complete abandon of those who know that whatever they do they will be quite immune from the consequences. Essentially, they were as anonymous as though they wore the robes and hoods of the knights of the Ku Klux Klan. They were privileged to glut themselves with the infliction of pain, secure in the knowledge that none of their victims would dare later to attempt to identify them to the authorities.
>
> Ultimately, a passing fire wagon was stopped, ladders were placed against the windows, and the students remaining in the study hall escaped by that means. Surfeited by their orgy, the Nazis were beginning to disperse. Nevertheless, the majority of the students in the study hall preferred to leave through the windows rather than to run the gauntlet of Nazis who remained in the hall outside. Improvised bandages were made for the less badly injured and ambulances called for the others. Those who remained searched disconsolately through the litter of torn books and paper, broken glass, ripped articles of clothing, and splintered furniture in an attempt to salvage a few personal belongings. Another Nazi *Krawall* had passed into history.

The effect of such an experience upon the student who has been a victim, or even a spectator, is tremendously unnerving. It is not unlike having lived through a train wreck or a great fire. A definite psychic shock is produced. The victims were outnumbered and outweighed. Moreover, they realized the uselessness of retaliation, even of reporting the names of the assailants, some of whom they must have recognized. To do such a thing would lead only to certain persecution. Many Jewish students believe that a protest on their part might even lead to a prejudicial attitude toward them on examination, by anti-Semitic professors. So powerful is the influence of the terrorists in the university that even the nine Americans who reported their experiences to the American Minister asked that their names be kept secret for fear of later reprisals.

Even for the student who like the writer is not Jewish and is not personally molested, the consequences of such riots are far-reaching. Such occurrences interfere tremendously with the university schedule. After every such riot the Anatomical Institute, and sometimes the university as well, is closed for from several days to a week. Already during this academic year, which is a little more than half completed, the Anatomical Institute has been closed twenty-four days. For the serious student who wants to work, these enforced holidays often constitute a distinct handicap. Many are forced to be self-supporting and these periods of at least

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partial inactivity are sometimes a heavy additional burden.

In America students find outlet for their energy and lust for physical combat in various violent sports, notably football. Here all interest is concentrated on politics. In place of loyalty to school and class one finds devotion to a political faction. There is a perpetual spirit of tension and unrest. But what seems most important is that there appears to be no concerted effort on the part of the university authorities to curb these student brawls. The university clings frantically to its autonomy. These riots are not a new thing. They are almost an institution. They interrupt the university schedule, they promote unrest among the student body, occasionally they give rise to exhibitions of brutality that are not surpassed in darkest Georgia, Alabama, or Mississippi, yet they are permitted to continue. The university authorities are not answerable for the general political situation, but the responsibility for such spectacles as that which took place in the Anatomical Institute can be placed at the door of no one but the rector and senate of the University of Vienna.

In the Driftway

SINCE 1930 anybody in this country with a job has been regarded with almost the same awe and reverence as was bestowed upon royalty in the Middle Ages or Hollywood stars until the depression reached moviedom. If one can't have a job—and probably one can't—it is possible to get just as much of a thrill by reading about one as used to be obtainable by reading about kings and princesses. So the Drifter recommends as his solution of what to do with the unemployed that they be organized in reading circles and supplied with a recently published book on jobs.* This book lists and describes 3,500 different jobs from able seaman and abstract clerk to zodiac-therapist and zoologist. It tells how much the job pays, what qualifications it demands, how to prepare for it—everything, in fact, but the inconsequential detail of how to get it.

* * * * *

IT is wonderful how inclusive the book is. There are a few omissions, it is true. There is nothing, for instance, about the profession of hog-caller, about which the Drifter has always been curious, nor about the Drifter's own occupation of drifting, about which he has lately become uneasy. The Drifter is glad that the book has omitted drifting, for competition there would be fatal. The entrance of so much as one other person to the profession probably would cost the Drifter his job. But though the editor of the book omits hog-calling, he includes such comparatively rare jobs as carillonneur, executioner, baby farmer, and chick culturist, which last occupation, it is explained, consists of maintaining a "lying-in ward for expectant eggs." The occupation of tea-taster is overcrowded, but there is an opportunity for rattlesnake dairymen, of which one reads: "Enterprising California youths rear deadly reptiles; twice a month they milk them of poison, sell it to laboratories where it is injected into horses, makes 'rattlesnake serum,' saving many victims of snake bite." The editor adds, "Others might try this." So far as the Drifter is concerned, others may.

* * * * *

THE job of drum major is included by the conscientious editor and also that of drum-carrier. Of the last occupation it is said: "Thrill of boy's lifetime when he is engaged to support drum in parade. Receives acclaim, perhaps a dollar." Under the general head of "Real Estate" the Drifter notes without surprise that a managing agent "seldom enters buildings he manages." The Drifter had surmised as much from his experience as a tenant. He is not surprised either to see the occupation of rent-collector described as "job for burly man with hard heart." There is consolation in the note in regard to the job of landscape artist: "Good landscapes are rare; but bad landscapes are readily bought." It is enlightening to read in connection with the profession of dog-catcher that in Oklahoma City the incumbent of that office is said to receive more in fees than does the mayor in salary. The Drifter notes with approval that there is a profession known as paunch and tripe trimmer, but unfortunately it is attached to the meat trade. It ought to be practiced in Hollywood and in the editorial offices of women's magazines.

THE DRIFTER

* "The Book of Opportunities." By Rutherford Platt. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

Finance

The Morgan Testimony

J. P. MORGAN has given a perfect illustration of how the tentacles of his House on the Corner lovingly embrace the important banking assets of America. When he submitted the significant list of bank officials who are or have been in the debt of J. P. Morgan and Company, he revealed the true lesson of financial control through the beneficent confidential relationships of the private bank. Mr. Morgan himself neatly phrased the ethical background of confidential loans to bank officials. "We do make these loans," he admitted in Washington, "and we make them because we believe the people should have the money, that we should loan money if these gentlemen want it. They are friends of ours, and we know that they are good, sound, straight fellows."

Among these "good, sound, straight fellows" were Artemus L. Gates and Mortimer N. Buckner, heads of the New York Trust Company; Harvey D. Gibson, president of the Manufacturers Trust Company; William C. Potter, president of the Guaranty Trust Company; Charles E. Mitchell, late head of the National City Bank; and Seward Prosser and A. A. Tilney, chairmen of the Bankers Trust Company. The combined deposits of these institutions in which friends and debtors of J. P. Morgan exercised a dominant voice are now $3,000,000,000, or 45 per cent of the total deposit liabilities of all Clearing House banks in New York City.

What more convincing demonstration could be demanded of the futility of a system of banking regulation, designed to protect the small depositor, which leaves unhampered the real seat of power over large and small depositors alike? If Morgan held a direct stock interest in these same banks, free exercise of the same power would be much more difficult, since both public and government would probably have full knowledge of his stock control. But private loans to directing officials are effectively shrouded from the public eye by all of the confidential

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relationship between lender and borrower which Mr. Morgan has advanced as one of the principal functions of the private bank. Imagine the likelihood of the Guaranty Trust Company adopting a policy opposed to the interests of Morgan when the same gentleman controls the purse-strings, through private loans, of the bank's president, one of its vice-presidents, and eight of its directors.

Mr. Morgan has been careful to point out that under the New York State law, written in the supposed interests of the small depositor, his private bank cannot pay interest on deposits of less than $7,500, and escapes the supervision of the State Banking Department only by refraining from advertising as a bank and from soliciting deposits. He failed to add, however, that this law was drafted in the office of John W. Davis, his firm's counsel, thereby making sure that its provisions would not hamper the operations of the house of Morgan. Obviously, this arrangement affords Morgan indirect control, through his alliances with incorporated banks, of the funds of small depositors without the bother and governmental restrictions which would be involved in accepting these deposits themselves. There are two methods clearly available for a prompt curb on this power. One is to establish a system of licensing for all banks, including private institutions. The State Banking Board already has the power to effect such a step under the authority of the emergency banking legislation passed at Albany in March. The other is to establish control and publicity over loans made to bank officials, a measure which would promptly dissipate the secrecy so sacred and so convenient to J. P. Morgan and Company in these arrangements.

Mr. Morgan's testimony in Washington revealing Mortimer N. Buckner as one of his boys and as still on his loan sheet places Buckner with one foot on either side of the firing-line in the widely advertised Morgan-Rockefeller feud. Buckner had the sanction of the Rockefeller-Chase Bank interests, as well as of Morgan, to represent New York City banks on the State Banking Board. His presidency of the Clearing House Association carries similar tacit recognition of Rockefeller approval. Buckner should be thrown back on the laps of the New York banking barons to determine whether the Rockefeller quarrel is anything more than a pious ballyhoo. If he should then continue to receive Rockefeller approbation, the public would have clear indications of the real depth of Rockefeller discontent with Morgan dominance of the financial system.

Whatever may now be the reaction of the House on the Corner to the repercussions from its "preferred" stock lists, the fact remains, as the Morgan partners have hastened to point out, that it was their money. But when William H. Woodin accepted profit opportunities from J. P. Morgan and Company in Alleghany Corporation, in Standard Brands, and in United Corporation, implications of a more serious character were involved. With all his much-vaunted "friendship" with various of the Morgan partners, the realistic basis of that friendship arose from the fact that as head of American Car and Foundry he was in a position to keep an average daily balance of more than $1,000,000 of his company's funds on deposit at Morgan's. In this case it was not so much Woodin's own money which gave him a direct call on inside buying favors as it was his stockholders' money. Common stockholders of American Car and Foundry, who have not seen a dividend since 1931, might reasonably ask what their share was of the profits made possible through their investments.

The question of where stockholders' interests begin and end is even more directly raised by the deal in which the Guaranty Company purchased 500,000 shares of Alleghany Corporation common stock from Morgan's at $20 a share and promptly resold it, privately, at less than the prevailing market price. In this instance the stockholders' money was the direct medium of purchase. On February 5, 1929, an advertisement, inserted in New York papers only as a matter of record, disclosed that the 500,000 shares had been fully sold by a banking group headed by the Guaranty Company. The price was reported elsewhere as $24 a share. On February 1, 1929, Alleghany common, in its first day of trading on the New York Stock Exchange, was quoted between 32½ and 37. Why were the Guaranty stockholders deprived of the additional profits indicated by the public valuation of Alleghany?

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

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Summer Book Section

Our Times

Men of Good Will. By Jules Romains. Translated by Warre B. Wells. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN a short preface the author of this substantial volume warns his readers against drawing any premature conclusions based upon it alone. It is only the beginning of a very ambitious piece of fiction planned upon original lines, and from this opening section we may well gather an erroneous impression. His ultimate aim, he says, is to present the life of the twentieth century in a novel, but since it is no longer possible to imagine the whole life of even one city as gravitating about a single man, the work will have no hero and neither will it be merely the history of a family. Indeed, certain of the incidents will lead nowhere and certain of the personages will disappear entirely. Yet there will be, he hopes, a unity which the reader will perceive at last.

In the days when he was known chiefly as a poet, Romains was counted among those who belonged to the "unanimist" school—a group of poets including Duhamel and Vildrac which professed to discover humanity by rediscovering the self. Presumably he is still under the influence of some of the ideas generated then, and the title of the new novel seems to suggest that its theme is to be the persistence of that general "good-will" to which a few cling even during the most violent crises in human affairs. But whatever the effect of the complete work may be, the general impression produced by the first section is very different from what one might expect from this preliminary description. It is true that in certain inter-chapters Romains uses—though very sparingly—the newsreel technique made familiar by Dos Passos. It is true, also, that two or three of the very minor personages have political or social interests. But the only two stories which fully emerge concern two eccentric characters whose relation to the "social forces" of their time is far from clear.

Indeed, the interest of the volume is sustained almost entirely by these two stories which never touch. One is concerned with the adventures of a bookbinder named Quinette who, out of pure curiosity, allows himself to become entangled in the affairs of a murderer whom he undertakes to assist. The other deals with the shabby career of a vain and foolish sign-painter's apprentice with a taste for gay life. The volume comes to an end when the latter has at last lost his virginity to an experienced woman who has picked him up in a bus, and when Quinette, in order to protect himself, has been led to murder the bungling murderer whom he had promised to aid. But what relation these rather highly colored stories bear to the whole is in no way indicated.

Moreover, the general tone of the book is not less unexpected than the nature of its principal intrigues. The style is objective, but its objectivity is rather that of the ironist than that of the earnest social historian. The omniscient and impersonal spectator who tells the story tells it with lofty detachment and with an almost morbidly aloof analysis of the subjective life of the characters. Thus the manner suggests less that of the Marxists than that of "decadent" French fiction, and, in particular, one is repeatedly reminded of André Gide. Indeed, it is hard to escape the conclusion that the latter has made his influence felt in more ways than one. The somewhat fantastic adventures of Quinette, the emphasis upon whim and upon all but unmotivated acts, strongly suggest "The Counterfeiters" or "The Cellars of the Vatican," and so, too, does the mingling of morbidly acute observation with almost fantastically artificial intrigue. If this is, indeed, to constitute a complete picture of the twentieth century it will achieve its effect in a highly novel fashion. Undoubtedly the fragment is interesting so far. Perhaps, in view of the author's warning, it is best to wait for the next instalment before trying even to imagine how he proposes to solve the problem which he has set for himself.

Certainly no one before him has solved it in thoroughly satisfactory fashion, or found any means of writing a novel about society anything like so adequate as some which have been written about individuals. To say this is not, of course, to say that there is not something obviously unsatisfactory about the social novel from Zola on, or that all such novels are not open to the obvious objection that they really deal with special cases while pretending to present a broader basis for generalization than they actually do. It is, however, to say that the tendency of the novel to deal with individual character is more than merely a convention of the novel, that it is a convention of the human mind, the result of a way of thinking about things which centuries of habit have ingrained, and which could only be supplanted if the human mind were reeducated at the same time that the novel was reformed. Perhaps, indeed, if that reeducation were ever so completely accomplished that an interest in mankind had come wholly to displace any interest in Tom, Dick, and Harry as such, then it might be found that the need for fiction had disappeared entirely. In any event, however, Romains does not seem to be heading us in that direction. So far, at least, the interest in his novel is sustained by the personal adventures of his two principal characters, and the historico-sociological background seems quite irrelevant to the intrigue which—perhaps for purposes of his own—he appears to have deliberately made as eccentric rather than as typical as possible.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Four Newer Novelists

Miss Lonelyhearts. By Nathanael West. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Sing Before Breakfast. By Vincent McHugh. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

Not to Eat, Not for Love. By George Weller. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

Thunder Without Rain. By Clifton Cuthbert. William Godwin. $2.50.

PERHAPS the only characteristic that these four dissimilar novels have in common, apart from their being all by American writers either very young or just newly arrived on the scene, is the quite negative one of being without that proletarian self-consciousness which has become the keynote of recent American fiction. It is true that the people in Mr. Cuthbert's novel live in a Boston tenement and that most of those in Mr. West's can be found any rush hour in the Bronx or Brooklyn subway. But there is nowhere in these novels any effort to relate the vicissitudes of the characters to any particular economic system. There is no evidence that for these writers the hardships of the body have yet replaced in interest or importance the more traditional and possibly more complicated hardships of the soul. In their works, therefore, still "issues from the hand of God, the simple soul." Newspapermen, artists, college boys, fishermen, seminarians, their characters are less affected by the universal rumblings of the class struggle than by the more private shocks of the flesh and the spirit. The spirit has gone suddenly very flat and dry, to be sure, and the flesh is in some instances twisted out of all recognition. But the conflicts are psychological, not social or economic, and on these conflicts of the individual with himself and with others the interest

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is sharply focused. If Mr. McHugh introduces the economic crisis into his strident little idyl of modern love on an island, it is only because he wishes to make the situation between his lovers as desperate as possible. Poverty has no more significance than it had in "Vie de Bohême"; the pathos is served up perhaps a little more hard-boiled. And when Mr. Weller's enlightened undergraduates turn against what they believe to be the snobbery, emptiness, and insufficiency of Harvard standards it is not so much a criticism of this great capitalistic institution they are expressing as a pretty standardized mood of adolescent disillusionment.

The hero of "Miss Lonelyhearts" is a young man who earns his living devising replies to "Desperate," "Broken-hearted," "Sick-of-it-all," and others of the lovelorn who write to him for advice. But it must not be gathered that Mr. West's book is the sort of rollicking, whimsical Arabian Nights' Adventure into the modern Bagdad that Christopher Morley, let us say, might write. There is no color in the bazaars of this Bagdad, the creatures who inhabit it have the shaggy contours of a James Thurber drawing. The hero himself suffers from what he calls a "Christ-complex"; he keeps primed for his task on a heavy mixture of Dostoevski and gin. When in a half-hearted gesture of compassion he attempts to help one of the frustrated people who have appealed to him he is rewarded with death. It is all very sad, bitter, and hopeless. If it were not for Mr. West's prose, which leans too much to the baroque, and for a certain ambiguity of genre ("the actual and the fanciful" are here too often confounded), "Miss Lonelyhearts" would be a better book. As it stands, however, it is one of the most readable and one of the most exceptional books of the season.

Somewhere around the middle of "Sing Before Breakfast" one of the characters bursts out, "Let's go Hemingway." It is perhaps not until this moment that one realizes how faithfully the whole thing has been following the Hemingway pattern: the hard-boiled camaraderie between the sexes, the cuckoo dialogue, the sentimental adulation of the hard guy and the equally sentimental execration of the bitch. The only difficulty with such *con brio* renditions of personal relations is that they make a more than ordinary demand on an author's ability to believe in his own creations. Just such a conviction of belief Mr. McHugh does not always manage to suggest: his characters, one might say, are subordinated to his style, and his style is so prolix and rhetorical that before the end they are all pretty completely dissolved in it. The main impression one retains from "Sing Before Breakfast" is of having assisted at a long-drawn-out family quarrel between people who have never been quite sure either what they believed or what they felt.

It is true that Mr. Weller's novel about Cambridge can be distinguished from most college novels of recent years by a rather remarkable sobriety of style and language. This admirable quality, however, must not be confused with maturity, which is what the publishers imply when they advertise the book as the only *adult* college novel. "Not to Eat, Not for Love," despite a great deal of competence in the writing, is a youthful work, one that could only have been written by an American undergraduate. What it illustrates better than anything else, as a matter of fact, is the extraordinary immaturity of our American undergraduate—at least as far as his emotions and his understanding of them are concerned. Intellectually, Mr. Weller's earnest young athletes and academic "grinds," moving in and out of Harvard Yard, are probably the match of their contemporaries in other countries. But compared with the young people in any one of a half-dozen recent French novels about student life or with those in J. Keith Winters's Oxford novel, "Other Man's Saucer," they seem far from adult. Perhaps the chief interest of Mr. Weller's novel will be found in its detailed account of the round of pseudo-adult extra-curricular activities (the Harvard *Crimson* competitions, for instance, play a large part) which in our "better" colleges serve as a substitute for normal emotional development. Mr. Weller seems most immature, for example, in writing of sex, and in the minds of his young men sex occupies a much less important place than one might expect. What all of them are seeking for is not too clearly defined, but it is probably something like truth, and not finding it in their professors or tutors they yield to a mood of vague disillusionment with both knowledge and experience as a whole. The disillusionment is undoubtedly real, but its elements are too commonplace. In consequence, much of Mr. Weller's novel suffers from the dulness which is always the result of a writer's seeing people and events with a narrower perspective than his reader.

Incest is the theme of "Thunder Without Rain"; and because this is such a difficult theme and because Mr. Cuthbert so narrowly misses giving it an adequate contemporary treatment, his book seems the most disappointing of the four. It is the story of Mary Quinn and her brother Michael and of their struggle to overcome a passion which has grown out of their childhood habit of looking to each other for protection in a hostile home environment. In his opening chapters Mr. Cuthbert traces the process by which Mary's feeling for her brother—intensified by her father's death and her mother's drunken persecution of her—moves toward its absolute physical expression. The girl accepts the relationship like some doom from which she cannot escape; but for the boy it is further complicated by strong religious manias and aspirations. It may be said to Mr. Cuthbert's credit that he consistently avoids all psychoanalytical jargon and formulas, preferring to create rather than explain the obscure emotions through which his characters pass. (In this respect the book may be contrasted with Edward Sackville-West's brilliant and neglected "The Ruin.") In all of the first half of the book, which constitutes the presentation of the theme, there is not a false note in the dialogue, the action, the rendition of subjective states. It is not until Mr. Cuthbert undertakes the development that he goes astray—and then he goes very far astray indeed. Before it is over Mary becomes not only a prostitute but a murderess, and she herself is killed by her brother on the altar steps of the church in which he is a priest. If Mr. Cuthbert had been content to work more deeply into his original situation and had not attempted to trace out its later consequences, he would probably not have been tempted to all this bad melodrama at the end. It is regrettable that Mr. Cuthbert's sense of construction should be so deficient, because in other respects, in concentration on theme and intensity of treatment, his work reveals a richer talent than that of any of the other novelists in this group.

WILLIAM TROY

"Advance to Rebel"

The Ecliptic. By Joseph Gordon Macleod. London: Faber and Faber. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Orators. By W. H. Auden. London: Faber and Faber. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Magnetic Mountain. By C. Day Lewis. London: Hogarth Press. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Poems. By Stephen Spender. London: Faber and Faber. 5*s.*

THERE has been a long hiatus in English poetry, and during this time (I refer to the past fifteen years) the leadership was transferred to two Americans, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. This break in the line of a continuous tradition constituted an actual revolution. An entire vocabulary of poetic diction inherited from the nineteenth century was thrown into the wastebaskets of the British Museum, and from the ashes of seventeenth-century metaphysics a neo-classicism rose. In the meantime the younger Englishmen stood by and witnessed

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the event. They were, so it seems to us now, waiting for daylight, and the first evidences of a new spirit appear in the work of four young men: Joseph Gorden Macleod, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, and C. Day Lewis.

I place Macleod's name first advisedly because he represents the last hang-over from the Pound-Eliot influence. His ambitious poem, "The Ecliptic," is in some respects a considerable advance away from Pound's incompleted life work, the "XXX Cantos," and though it follows in the wake of the more pretentious work, its explicit exterior design is a step toward a new synthesis in poetry. As the title indicates, the symbols used in the poem are derived from the signs of the zodiac. As Macleod writes in his introduction:

> Each sign thus contributes to a single consciousness. Although I hope it will have significance for my time, this is not intended to be either a typical or a unique, but merely a single consciousness: nor to be a complete survey of a life, but merely a path through it. . . . Pisces, then, shows this life against a background of Time as the previous signs against Space.

To take the place of Ezra Pound's somewhat vague conviction that all ages are contemporaneous, he has revealed a specific time sense, and this he uses for a deliberately ironic purpose. A brief quotation from Libra, or the Scales, exhibits his method and the excellent quality of his rhetoric:

> Publius Aemilius Hadrianus Graeculus
> Is in the evenings to be seen in a first-class carriage
> In the mornings deals with branch-office correspondence in
> all parts of the world.
>
> His policy slogan is Pax Romana
> Employed to revive Greek Culture . . .
>
> Were the Greeks better men than we?
> He believes in the Roman Empire, bareheaded
> In the rights of property he believes, according to Ratio.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Bull bellows, lion plunges back to jungle:
> Twin dies, virgin offers herself
> Sideways creeps crab,
> But scales are firm.

In other words, London Bridge has fallen down for all except those fortunate men in power who ride, top gear, in a Rolls Royce over it, and the river is choked with bodies of the ravished and the dead. It must be admitted that there are times when Macleod's tightly knotted erudition creates a stultifying atmosphere, but the poem never loses a strong current of interest; taken as an entire performance it must also be regarded as a medium that clarifies the problems inherent in Pound's technique.

Superficially there is but a short step from "The Ecliptic" to W. H. Auden's "The Orators." Both poems are big with reference to a dying world. Both carry a surface of obscurity which at first glance and to an American reader seems impenetrable. At this point, however, the analogy ends; and it is well for the American to remember that Auden's poem bears the subtitle, "An English Study." Auden's obscurities arise from the fact that he is addressing his remarks to an island English audience of the ruling classes. The speech (a good three-quarters of the book is written in a closely knit prose) is intimate, elliptical, direct. His shafts of irony are driven home with a vigorous thrust to his immediate neighbors. Perhaps the best clue to the purpose of "The Orators" is contained in one of Auden's recent poems published in *New Verse*, a new poetry magazine issued bimonthly and edited by Geoffrey Grigson. This Song of Auden's, written to the tune of Frankie and Johnnie, runs something as follows:

> I have a handsome profile
> I've been to a great public school
> I've a little money invested
> Then why do I feel such a fool
> As if I owned a world that had had its day?
>
> * * * * *
>
> Remember you're no old soldier
> Remember that you are afraid
> Remember you'd be no use at all
> Behind the barricade
> You belong to your world that has had its day.

This is the very world that Auden recreates into a synthesis of death in "The Orators." His protagonist, who appears in the second division of the poem Journal of an Airman, represents all that England was and is and, if England is to survive as a world Power, will never be again. His diary is a prophecy of self-destruction. Nothing short of complete rebirth into a new social order will save him from senile madness, which takes the form of deifying the past and worshiping scientific invention exploited by capitalism. Anyone who has heard Ramsay MacDonald in a talking newsreel will realize at once how quickly and effectively Auden has exposed the stigmata of social decay in British ministerial eloquence. With an awareness comparable to Shelley's Mask of Anarchy Auden writes his prayer of England's upper classes:

> For the virgin afraid of thunder; for the wife obeyed by her husband; for the spinster in love with Africa,
> O Bear with the Ragged Staff, hear us.
>
> For all parasites and carrion feeders, for the double rose and for domesticated animals,
> O Green Man, hear us.
>
> And that it may please thee to calm this people,
> George, we beseech thee to hear us.

After reading "The Orators" it becomes obvious that Auden's particular gift lies in the organization of poetic material for immediate use. There can be no question of his ability to master firmly woven prose that has all the impact usually associated with poetry alone; in his formal verse, however, he is not always so fortunate: his choice of specific words and his music lack originality; as often as not there is an actual disunion between the image he projects and the verse he employs as its medium. He is usually content to lean heavily upon the effects of strong alliteration, a mannerism that once gave Swinburne spontaneous recognition, but that today has rendered him very nearly unreadable.

This flaw is faintly echoed in Day Lewis's poetry, but is quickly remedied by a more flexible talent for writing lyric verse. Day Lewis has quite as much to say as Auden, but his long poem raises a radically different problem. The structural disunion in "The Magnetic Mountain" may be traced back, I think, to a personal problem confronting the poet. He is in revolt against the established order, and his solution is, clearly enough, some form of communism. His dilemma in this poem is the statement of two apparently irreconcilable beliefs, one based upon the divine right of the individual and the other upon the conviction that individual rights are no longer valid. His attempts to make both statements clear and to eliminate their differences is a courageous venture. Though it is not successful in the present poem, I feel reasonably certain that he will accomplish his objective within the next five years. Like Auden, Day Lewis is prolific, and learns much in the writing of each new poem. The last section of "The Magnetic Mountain" is a song of victory for the regeneration of England, in which a new type of humanity emerges, strong, clean, alert:

> This is your day: so turn, my comrades, turn
> Like infants' eyes like sunflowers to the light.

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After leaving Day Lewis we come to Stephen Spender, who with his first book of poems shows promise of being the best lyric poet of his generation in England. All four of the poets I have treated here have distinctly separate personalities and methods of procedure. It would be difficult to measure one in terms of the other, and impossible to substitute Spender, let us say, for Auden or Day Lewis; Spender seems to be at the very opposite end of the spectrum from Macleod. Of the four his work is least pretentious, yet within the range of a small selection of lyrics he has established for himself an individual music and a fully matured choice of poetic diction. Since he is in a position to reap the benefits of a verbal revolution that lies behind him, it is entirely possible that he has a tangible advantage over his immediate predecessors. At any rate his talents are obvious, and one is made aware of his ease of movement, freshness, and clarity. He is still a trifle overfond of generalizing his emotions and of dodging the concrete image. These are habits that have afflicted all minor romantic poetry, but such flaws are rare in his work; his statement of affirmation carries everything before it. Take these few lines from Poem XXIII:

I think continually of those who were truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns
Endless and singing. . . .

Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields
See how these names are feted by the waving grass
And by the streamers of white cloud
And whispers of wind in the listening sky.
The names of those who in their lives fought for life
Who wore at their hearts the fire's center.
Born of the sun they traveled a short while toward the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their honor.

With Auden and Day Lewis, Spender is well convinced of humanity's power of regeneration, and he has personalized his conviction:

Oh comrades, step beautifully from the solid wall
advance to rebuild and sleep with friend on hill
advance to rebel and remember what you have
no ghost ever had, immured in his hall.

From all appearances it would seem that this younger generation of English poets is already solving the problem of carrying over contemporaneous subject matter into poetry, that it is looking straight into the face of mass revolt, and by implication has aligned itself with the forces of the extreme left. In this country the time is ripe to learn much from the experience of these poets, to estimate their value as conscious artists, and to recognize in their published work (I refer directly to "The Orators") a few examples of the most penetrating social criticism written in our time.

HORACE GREGORY

Housing in a Social Vacuum

The Evolving House: A History of the Home. By Albert Farwell Bemis and John Burchard, 2d. Massachusetts Institute of Technology: The Technology Press. $4.

THIS, the first volume to be published in a series of three on the evolving house, essays to deal with the history of the dwelling-house up to the present. Later volumes will present "an analysis of current housing conditions and trends" and "an engineering rationalization of house construction and a suggested solution."

It is a curious book—full of small separate facts, often highly entertaining, and of large commonplace generalizations. For the first: the Egyptians had a very modern ventilating gadget; the Babylonians invented the mortgage; the Romans had central heating; in Merrie England men and women sat alternately at table and each pair ate from the same plate and drank from the same cup; you could buy a pretty good house in the early day of the colonies for less than $100; the White House had no bathtub until 1852; and John Quincy Adams was once trapped by a persistent female reporter while taking his bath in the Potomac. But as a whole, for all its dedication "to the Betterment of the Home—the Cradle of the Body, the Mind, and the Spirit," in spite of the really impressive amount of research, and though the dearth of literature in this field should bring a hearty welcome to even a moderately good piece of work, this is a trivial and disappointing book.

Mr. Bemis states his point of view very carefully in the Foreword. He has approached his task, he says, "with the distinct preconceived idea that the chief factor of the modern housing problem is physical structure." He admits that "the factors involved are by no means wholly structural or industrial," and that "social custom, living standards, public welfare, property, finance, aesthetics, and still other factors must be balanced." But he firmly believes that the "balance . . . cannot be established until the housing structure, which is the basis of the whole problem, has been rationalized." Which is something like setting out to "rationalize" the manufacture of buggy tires without finding out anything about the sizes of wheels, the condition of the roads, or the general outlook for the construction and use of buggies. But the weakness of this first volume is to be found in over-emphasis on the individual dwelling unit rather than in over-attention to physical structure or "rationalization."

The early chapters are on primitive housing. Although they contain a good deal of interesting if somewhat unassorted information, and although the authors were here more or less forced to consider communities as a whole, primitive housing has somehow very little to do with the *evolving house*. The variations depend almost entirely on climate, materials at hand, and the occupations of the people, and result rarely in anything more than the rudest sort of shelter. Nor do the Egyptian, Aegean, and Roman palaces have much more than a historic interest, in connection with our other knowledge of the civilizations concerned. The evolution of our own homes does not really begin much before the Middle Ages.

A hundred pages or more are devoted to the history of English homes from 1066 to 1900, but in spite of interlarding with all sorts of information about food, dress, manners, and such, the medieval house without the market-place, the manor without the cottages, the Renaissance town house without the square and the façaded avenue, the nineteenth-century slum without the spreading city and the factory, make surprisingly dull and inconsequential reading.

The sections on American homes from colonial times to the present suffer in much the same manner. There is considerable lore about bathtubs, but no mention of the enormous change in housing and municipal economics caused by the growing dependence of the house on water, sewage and utility lines, paved streets, and other exterior services. There are plans of triple-deckers and railroad flats, with little or nothing concerning their spacing or lay-out or the systematic land speculation and jerry-building which gave them birth. There is a fabulously glowing and gadgeted description of a day in the home of an "average" suburbanite.

An intermediate section concerns itself with contemporary dwellings in Asia and Europe, and there is a final chapter on Modernistic Homes. The European community-housing movement is dismissed in a few scattered and inaccurate sentences, and the whole significance of modern European architecture is distorted by the illustration of almost nothing but large separate villas. There is an extensive but somewhat uneven bibliography.

One would not presume so boldly and perhaps querulously to suggest that the authors wrote the wrong book if the weak-

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nesses implicit in the point of view of Messrs. Bemis and Burchard were not such typical and persistent weaknesses in the whole American approach to the housing problem; they are found all along the line from former President Hoover to the most ardent advocates of factory-made houses. There is no modern country other than the United States of America and no historic civilization where, except for the country houses of the very rich, the individual dwelling has ever been seriously considered to be a self-sufficient unit of design, construction, commerce, or habitation. And so far the United States has certainly made a dismal and resounding failure of being an exception to this rule.

CATHERINE BAUER

Individualism in Russia

Red Virtue: Human Relationships in the New Russia. By Ella Winter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

I MUST admit that I approached this book with considerable prejudice. I did not like the unfortunate title, and I did not think that Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, the author, had the necessary equipment for treating the subject of the new Soviet society and how the individual fits into it. I am glad to confess partial error. This volume is a valuable contribution to the layman's knowledge of the U. S. S. R. Now, perhaps, there will be fewer foolish questions at lectures on Russia.

The book indicates that the author raced around from place to place in Russia, visited many institutions, interviewed many spokesmen and average citizens through an interpreter, made notes on some Russian source material, and then hastily combined it all into a manuscript. The whole is therefore a veritable gold mine of facts and ideas loosely presented to the public without the benefit of mature thinking or of sufficient coordination. In a sense, however, this is perhaps not so regrettable, for the staccato impression left by the book rather reflects the still uncongealed character of Soviet social trends. Social life in Russia does not itself hew to a single clear line. Aaron Soltz, for instance, believes with other old-guard puritanical Bolsheviks that sexual intercourse should be only with a view to reproduction, while Alexandra Kollontai, Soviet ambassadress to Stockholm, would have man, and woman, flit like the bee from flower to flower sipping pleasure as long as it lasts. And between these two extremes there are a dozen means, none of which the Communists have fixed on as *the* correct mode of life. After no more than thirteen years of peaceful development, all phases of Soviet social and cultural activities are still in flux. Thus Mrs. Steffens writes an entire chapter on children's books. But before she had finished her book, a mounting protest from Russia's boys and girls against a diet too heavily burdened with the political and mechanical had compelled the reintroduction of some fairy tales. The authoress, accordingly, adds a correcting footnote, and the chapter becomes a history of what was.

However, general Bolshevik tendencies in regard to sex, education, housing, city building, women's status, mental hygiene, care of prisoners, reclaiming of prostitutes, the family, birth control, love, art, literature, and related questions are easily discernible through all the contradictions and backwardness of life. And these tendencies are intelligently handled by Mrs. Steffens. But her last chapter, which should have supplied the integration of these many ideas, is not very good, and she really does not answer the self-posed query, "To what end?" Yet she supplies the facts on which a serious reader can base his own reply. I should guess that Soviet morality aims to create a finer and richer individual, and in this connection a long quotation from V. V. Ossinsky—Mrs. Steffens's numerous quotations are extremely interesting—is most illuminating:

> We frequently meet with strange ideas about home life under socialism, such as these: "All individual home life (not only family life) will disappear under socialism." "There will be no more separate apartments; it will not be necessary to have separate rooms nor places where one can be alone." "The whole life of a person, physical and mental, can be lived within the collective." "It isn't necessary to have personal individual belongings, not only no 'my room' but even no 'my table' or 'my bed,' not to speak of no 'my bicycle' or automobile." It isn't clear whether there may be a "my" toothbrush, soap, towel, underwear, frock, or whether all these must lose their individualities and be turned into impersonal belongings. . . .
>
> Is such an attitude correct? No, not at all. It's a very bad and harmful misconception, an evil caricature of communism; the sort of harmful interpretation which, if taken seriously, will frighten people away from the fight for communism. To explain communism as a mechanical equalization and depersonalization is a petty-bourgeois or bourgeois interpretation.
>
> Home life under developed socialism will not be barracks life. Material means to satisfy demands will exist, just as many-sided personalities and individualities will exist. Communist life is not to be a modern barracks with common bedrooms and even beds. Communist life will be organized so that man can at any time be alone, to rest, to think, to concentrate. Communism does not mean the abolition of individuality. Individualism we want to liquidate, not individuality.

LOUIS FISCHER

Mr. Murray's Aristophanes

Aristophanes. By Gilbert Murray. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

A BOOK on Aristophanes by the editor, translator, and eloquent apologist of Euripides cannot fail to interest. But Aristophanes is a "riot," in both the literal and the American sense of the word, and Professor Murray, we may safely presume, is not a riotous nature, but is temperamentally inclined to Plutarch's preference for Menander, as indeed might be confirmed from the chapter on Menander appended to this volume. He himself tells us that he came only late to a warmer appreciation of Aristophanes. Some years ago, when we were both lecturing in a special summer course at Columbia University, he dropped in to a lecture of mine that developed the Aristophanic view of Euripides, and asked me with a grin at the close if I did not feel the cold gray eye of the policeman upon me as I recited my heresies. But as old Maximus of Tyre urged that it was possible to love Homer and Plato too, so Professor Murray has found a way to reconcile the old love with the new—caprice. There were two chief obstacles in the way, and it is interesting to observe how he evades them. There is first the obscenity. Croiset's book gives one line to that, and a brief paragraph to its conjectural prehistoric origin. Professor Murray gives some sixteen pages. It is a *damnosa hereditas,* so to speak, a survival from the origins of the drama and primitive phallic worship. That plea, it will be remembered, did not mollify Browning's Balaustion, and it only embittered Mr. Chesterton's scorn for Mr. Shaw's (it surely is Shaw's) comment on the steeple. I should prefer myself to say that it is simply human, all too human, and that Aristophanes's turbulent wit, like the River Ganges, purifies its content as it rolls on over shining shallows and under sunny skies.

Aristophanes's devastating criticism of Euripides Professor Murray meets by refusing to take it seriously. It was all Aristophanes's fun. He was not a consistent conservative thinker seriously combating the influence on the younger generation of contemporary Ibsens and Shaws and Joyces. He belonged to

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the younger generation himself. His preoccupation with Euripides is really a form of compliment. He was himself half Euripidized, so to speak, as the contemporary "port-manteau" *euripidaristophanizein* hints. Aristophanes's parodies are not so very funny after all—even if they have made American audiences laugh from Boston to Berkeley. *Lecythion apòlesen* now, what is there funny about that? You can fit the tag even more easily into the prologues of Aeschylus and Sophocles than into those of Euripides. Here I would join issue if this were the time and place.

It is a pity that Professor Murray published his book too soon to take account of the most recent German theory which explains Aristophanes's imperfect sympathy for Euripides as a "cultural lag" due to the fact that comedy did not receive official recognition till the year 487, a full generation after the constitution of tragedy.

But the chief redeeming quality of Aristophanes in Professor Murray's eyes is his availability for pacifist propaganda. He actually thinks the "Lysistrata," which New York and Chicago audiences relished without benefit of either propaganda or prehistoric ritual, "a great play"—"It is not merely a tolerable but an inspiring work of art." In what sense Aristophanes was a pacifist and in what sense he belonged to the peace-at-any-price party—the theme of Croiset's "Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens" (translated by Mr. James Loeb)—Professor Murray does not too curiously inquire.

But I shall give a wrong impression if I dwell on points of difference, though I am tempted to add that he really ought not to have said that the Ecclesiazusae "ends in a communal Gamos [*cf. The Nation,* Vol. 100, p. 172-73] of the sort proposed by Plato in the fifth book of the 'Republic.'" For though he of course knows better, he may mislead others when he is following Mr. Cornford.

Professor Murray offers a considerable number of modern parallels. They are mainly suggestions of propaganda for ideas that I do not accept but cannot debate here. I should personally prefer to illustrate Aristophanes by bold, frank, and even sometimes far-fetched modern equivalents of his jokes, if that were the only way to get the effect of the "riot."

Finally may I not take for granted and assume that the readers of Professor Murray at this date know that they will find his summaries of Aristophanes's plays lucid and interesting, and the specimen translations such as only a poet could produce, and that any interpretation of a Greek author by Professor Murray richly repays reading and study?

PAUL SHOREY

A Medieval Poem

The Pearl. Bowdoin Edition. Edited by Stanley P. Chase and Members of His Chaucer Course. Boston: Bruce Humphries. $1.50.

The Pearl. Rendered into Modern Verse with an Introductory Essay by Stanley P. Chase. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

TWO companion volumes, in neat print and binding, by a scholar and a gentleman, with an alert literary conscience, loving sympathy for his author, and understanding of his author's far-away fourteenth century; and a fine artistry both as editor and translator. Two little books for quiet lovers of the poetry of religious experience, which is a perennial psychologic fact whatever one's critical analysis of it as metaphysics or theology. Two little books of private grief, love, and joy, strangely out of tune with our strident and desperate times where the cry for bread is at last louder even than the clink of coins, and where art, even of the inner life, expresses a kind of mysticism of ugliness or despair. "The Pearl," for shining loveliness and gracious poignancy the greatest medieval English long poem, and one of the three or four greatest religious long poems in all English literature, should in these volumes now become a possession of modern ladies and gentlemen who are neither technical scholars nor entirely occupied with committee meetings and their depleted stocks and bonds. The first does away with "obsolete letters" and the "brackets, italics, asterisks, and daggers" of the critical editions (Gollancz and Osgood), "useful but cluttery gadgets," and gives us a text not too alien to lay readers of Chaucer. Though, even with Professor Chase's subtle repunctuation, compact glossary, and critical variants, it remains a considerably more difficult poem than any in Chaucer; for no editorial devices can eliminate the strange vocabulary of this Great Unknown of somewhere in the northland between Chester and York, with his mixture of Anglo-Saxon, Old Norse, and Old French and his (or his scribe's) habits of spelling, so different from Chaucer's or even from those of Chaucer's notorious scrivener, the careless Adam.

The more reason, then, for Professor Chase's following up his edition with a translation into our modern idiom which is far more the same poem than any previous modernization. He keeps its intricate stanzaic and rhyme patterns (delicate artistry like that of contemporary illuminators and jewel-smiths), and keeps them, too, in easy harmony with cadences and homely or gorgeous phrasings that, like the original, grow organically out of imaginatively transmuted experience, and not out of pleasure in caprice of ideas or in verbal jugglery. And this translation of "The Pearl" is more than the substitution here and there of a modern word, a method that will do for some simpler things in Chaucer like the Prioress's Tale. It is mainly a rephrasing and a rerhyming throughout: and it scores remarkably high, with the inevitable loss here and there of a homely, but archaic image, and with a less inevitable only five or six rather prosy lines against the author's inerrant distinction.

But the few blemishes concern Professor Chase's work as scholar rather than artist. The obsolete letter, for instance, that makes trouble for the first volume is that which in the MS looks like the digit 3, representing several sounds, as the s, y, gh of Chaucer's spelling, or a mere spelling-survival of an already lost sound. The editor and his assistants have in a few cases made the wrong substitutions (for example: in stanza 27 "bogh" should be respelled bos, northern form of behooves; in 39 "byghe" should be respelled byye, rhyming as it does with "cortaysye"). In this same stanza 39 the word "naule" is for sure Old Norse (finger)nail and not Anglo-Saxon navel, and the phrase "Mayster of miste" means simply "master of might" (the s is an Anglo-Norman scribe's symbol for the still pronounced gh, with which the Old French s-sound before t had become almost identical before it evaporated into nothing from its here intermediate state as a voiceless spirant). In stanza 44 "wylday" does not mean "the longed-for day," but "until day," "wyl" (= while) being northern dialect for the conjunction. The editor, in his intimate familiarity with the extensive and minute scholarship on "The Pearl," has curiously overlooked the definitive edition of lines 361-612 in Sisam's "Fourteenth Century Verse and Prose," which would have helped in some of the foregoing matters. And I cannot recall that Thomas à Kempis was ever a north-country English mystic—who said of himself (in the chronicle of his monastery, Mount St. Agnes) "Ego . . . scholaris Daventriensis, ex diocesi Coloniensi natus."

Did the "Pearl" mean the author's own little child lost to him on earth, now a bride of Christ in heaven, or his own soul in its projected state of perfect purity? Professor Chase holds to the latter interpretation, as first worked out by Sister M. Madeleva wih expert knowledge of typical modes of religious thought and expression in those times and with her own intuitions in religious experience. But I too have my intuitions

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(as a human being and poet), and there is nothing in my knowledge of those old days for me in conflict with my intuitions: the "Pearl" is a dead child of earth, over whom I too can sorrow and rejoice. WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Shorter Notices

Nurse Adriane. By Norah C. James. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

Miss James's chronicle of the daily lives of the nurses in a large London hospital—a chronicle thinly veneered with a love story—trades for its appeal on the universal curiosity of people concerning the intimate lives and feelings of any uniformed group of human beings. Drama, in this sort of material, consists in showing the clash between instinctive, undisciplined impulse, and the acquired, uniformed habits of thought; or in presenting a familiar human emotion in new and startling trappings. But Miss James never achieves this particular dramatic impact. Her nurses, even when off duty, seem to be on dress parade, acting up to a layman's romantic conception of them; and their attitude toward suffering and death is too antiseptically English to be quite human. The final impression is that a great deal of excellent material and competent writing has missed its opportunity.

South Moon Under. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Exploiting a phase of Southern life hitherto uncultivated, Miss Rawlings contributes yet another study of the American folk to that regional literature which is represented by Elizabeth Madox Roberts and Erskine Caldwell. More objective in her observation than Miss Roberts, and less melodramatic than Caldwell, she recounts in vivid and unaffected detail the primitive struggle for survival in the Florida scrub. Lant, the young protagonist of the struggle, who wins a precarious existence through heroic exploits as trapper, lumberman, and moonshiner, seems at times to transcend the individual, and to assume the proportions of the invincible hero of legend. The only adversary whom Lant fears is the revenue agent, but in a close encounter with this last enemy he is again victorious. Unless Miss Rawlings has romanticized her material, the whites of the Florida scrub are a dignified and stoical race, which, isolated and almost forgotten in an industrial country, is still enacting a primitive drama of survival.

Narratives of the Trans-Mississippi Frontier. Edited by Carl L. Cannon. Princeton University Press. *The Past and Present of the Pike's Peak Gold Regions.* By Henry Villard. $2.50. *Scenery of the Plains, Mountains, and Mines.* By Franklin Langworthy. $3.50. *The Emigrant's Guide to Oregon and California.* By Lansford W. Hastings. $3. *The Emigrant's Guide to California.* By Joseph E. Ware. $2. *Scout and Ranger: Being the Personal Adventures of James Pike of the Texas Rangers in 1859-60.* $2.50. *Route Across the Rocky Mountains.* By Overton Johnson and William H. Winter. $3. *A Journal of the Santa Fé Expedition under Colonel Doniphan.* By Jacob S. Robinson. $2.

A great many documents relating to the history of Far Western settlement have been reprinted during the past ten years, but few of them have appeared under such excellent editorial auspices as those of Mr. Cannon, who for each of the seven volumes here listed has secured the services of a special editor and who has maintained throughout the series a uniform method of introduction and annotation. Each volume reproduces the text of a memoir, a guidebook, or an emigrant's vademecum which in the course of time, whatever its original popularity, has become so rare as to be unavailable to all but a few fortunately situated historians. The texts, therefore, have an importance which justifies the labor and expense of editing them, and which, in conjunction with this expense, explains the high prices which are charged for most of the items in the series. Only two of the books, those by Henry Villard and Franklin Langworthy, have more than an antiquarian interest, and of these two only that of Henry Villard possesses literary distinction. It is a vigorous and readable account of conditions in the Colorado gold fields of 1859, written by a journalist of great promise who in the preceding year had reported the Lincoln-Douglas debates and who in the year following was to report the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln for President.

Sunset Song. By Lewis Grassic Gibbon. The Century Company. $2.

The whole question of the use of dialect in literature is reopened by Mr. Gibbon's highly interesting, though unsuccessful, experiment. This story of the life of the peasant crofter, narrated wholly in Scotch dialect, and with the air of a fireside tale, reads like a "'twas brillig" poem by Lewis Carroll, or like the "Anna Livia Plurabelle" pages of James Joyce. The language gives the impression of being at times comic, at times oversophisticated, and loses, somehow, all emotional content. The fault is either with the reader, whose sense of language has been sophisticated to a point where he can no longer enjoy dialect as something naively picturesque, or with Mr. Gibbon, who has not collaborated with the dialect, but simply set it down too literally. One inclines to the latter conclusion, with the plays of Synge in mind. If the accusation may be made that the dialogue in Synge is not an accurate transcript of the Irish peasant speech, the fact nevertheless remains that it conveys a mood and a psychology, and is molded into an *impression* of that speech through the imaginative collaboration of Synge.

Films

One More Farewell

WHATEVER one may think of the series of gangster films of the last five or six years—and objections to them may be arranged under such diverse headings as moral, sociological, and aesthetic—one must admit that the best of them, like "Public Enemy" and "Little Caesar," have been characterized by a movement and vitality which are at once both contemporary and distinctively American. Some would even go so far as to say that in authenticity of material and appeal these films surpass any others that have come out of Hollywood. Certainly they must be counted among the most original contributions that America has made to the subject matter of the cinema; and judged on their extraordinary popularity both here and abroad they must be considered among the most influential as well. It is with a certain feeling of regret, therefore, the regret that one always feels after assisting at the end of a tradition, that one goes away from Edward G. Robinson's newest picture, "Little Giant" (Strand). For this picture may turn out to be the last of the gangster films—a "farewell" to what has been at least one of the liveliest traditions of the talking screen.

It opens with a view of Mr. Robinson, looking very much as he did in "Little Caesar," listening to a radio speech which announces the approaching end of prohibition and with it the disappearance of the class to which "Bugs" Ahearn and his

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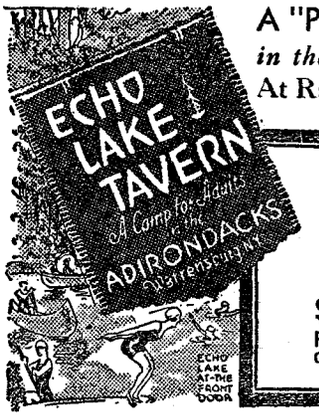

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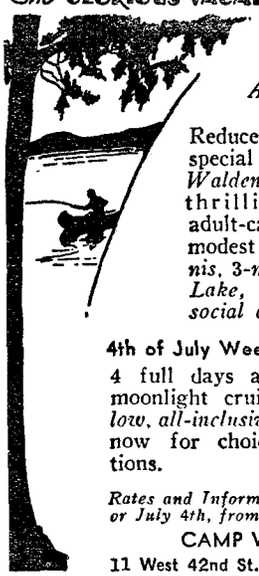

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friends belong. It is prophesied that before very long they will all be as obsolete as the Mohicans. With that cocksure abruptness which Mr. Robinson always gives to his diminutive heroes, "Bugs" Ahearn decides to leave the racket and turn to the cultivation of what he calls the upper classes. For this he has already prepared himself by a thorough immersion in Greek philosophy, modern art, and the contents of *Vanity Fair*. The scene in which he explains to his fellow-mugs that he is simply "crawling with culture" is one of the most amusing in an extremely amusing and well-written script. Among the deflated millionaires of Palo Alto, of course, Mr. Ahearn is exploited in a more shameless fashion than he himself had ever exploited the cowering bartenders of Chicago.

In its hilarious juxtaposition of certain elements in American life the picture is frequently reminiscent of Joel Sayre's "Racketty-Rax"—the scene on the polo-grounds, for example, in which the Chicago gunmen playfully beat each other over the head with their mallets. But throughout "Little Giant" there is an underlying bitterness of social comment which will make it of interest to people for whom its raucous humors are not enough. There is, first of all, the obvious implication of its story that the people of our moneyed class are just as corrupt and dangerous to have relations with as the members of the class that earns its living by torture and bloodshed. No Marxist, endeavoring to identify the motives of the bourgeois and the criminal, could offer a worse indictment of our present system. But this is commonplace in comparison with the matter-of-fact cynicism with which conventional standards of conduct and speech are ignored in the picture. Mr. Robinson's vicious little thug is presented with the greatest sympathy and good humor throughout, without the slightest insinuation of moral judgment. One of the big "comic" scenes is a close-up of an old man being tortured with a lighted cigar-end. At least one wisecrack and one epithet appearing in the dialogue have escaped the ears of the censors. All these things, which reflect the increasing barbarism of the current American cinema, make "Little Giant" significant as well as amusing.

WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to this Issue

BENEDICT A. LEERBURGER is a New York attorney who has specialized in real-estate law and finance.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD is a California newspaperwoman.

FRANK WHITSON FETTER, assistant professor of economics at Princeton University, contributed the chapter on Tariff Policy and Foreign Trade to the recent book, "Facing the Facts: An Economic Diagnosis."

JUNE PURCELL GUILD is an instructor in social work at Virginia Union University, and author of "Living with the Law," "Laws for Ohio Social Workers," and "Manual for Virginia Social Workers."

KENNETH MCLEITH is the pseudonym of an American student at the University of Vienna.

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

HORACE GREGORY is an American poet whose most recent work is a volume of verse entitled "No Retreat."

CATHERINE BAUER is working on a book on modern European housing, to be published in the fall.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

PAUL SHOREY is professor of Greek at the University of Chicago.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin.

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